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H. C. McGinnis

RECENTLY we discussed the FBI report on crime and juvenile delinquency for last year. Since this report was not at all consoling to lovers of law and order, to say nothing of a moral society, it appears wise that we promote our understanding of the causes behind juvenile delinquency. In analyzing juvenile delinquency's causes, we automatically analyze the majority of the causes behind adult crime; for our standing army of 6,000,000 adult criminals secures the overwhelming majority of its recruits from the ranks of juvenile delinquents.

The causes of juvenile delinquency as set forth by the FBI constitute excellent study material for this purpose. The Bureau's facilities for gathering the necessary data are unsurpassed. In its work the FBI has found that delinquency's causes constitute nine categories. It has also discovered that rarely is one single cause the factor behind a youngster's waywardness. There is usually a combination of several causes. However, certain factors appear with remarkable regularity. Several of the causes listed by the Bureau have more than one aspect.

BETWEEN THE LINES

What Causes Juvenile Delinquency?

H. C. MCGINNIS

This goes to show how interlocking are the forces which contribute to delinquency.

Those who have the opportunity to make real analyses of delinquency among youngsters invariably agree that *the home is a major factor*. Many regard it as the chief factor. The home, with its family life, is the first training school. Family life exemplifies patterns of behavior or misbehavior. According to the pattern to which the child is exposed, he develops his basic sense of right and wrong. In the proper family pattern, the youngster comes to realize that others besides himself have rights which must be respected. He learns how to live constructively as a unit in a social group. He learns to respect others and their property and to practice the virtues of courtesy, truthfulness, and reliability. He begins to learn how to manage his own affairs, and also how to share in the responsibility for the family's general welfare. It is in the family that a child first learns the necessity of obeying God's laws.

When the family circle is the proper type and this training is purposefully given, the home is performing its proper function. On the other hand, homes broken by desertion, divorce, or separation very often turn out unguided and unsupervised youngsters who, lacking

the much needed love and attention they should have, develop distorted attitudes including anti-social behavior. However, even the proper type of home, if it is to achieve its proper result, must be closely supported by the church and the school. It is also considerably dependent upon the proper type of community organization, for a poor community atmosphere will often offset the training of a strong home. In some instances community sponsored recreational projects are needed; while in other communities it is frequently necessary that law enforcement agencies maintain a pattern of law enforcement which will aid the home in its endeavors to turn out good citizens.

Although the church, the school, the community, and law enforcement agencies all have contributions to make to the well-being of youth, even under the best of circumstances, their contribution becomes much more important when poor home conditions are involved. Poor home conditions may result from one of several general causes. First, and chief among these causes, is the broken home.

By this we mean the home in which the normal pattern is distorted by the absence of one or both parents. Since the natures of father and mother are complementary,

when one is absent from the home scene there is a corresponding absence of that part of the complete picture which the Creator intended children should observe. When a broken home is caused by divorce, there is often a serious emotional impact upon the children involved. When it is caused by desertion, the children often experience feelings of hatred and bitterness, feeling that they have been unjustly deserted and therefore deprived of the home pattern which they have every right to expect. These feelings are often greatly intensified when the deserter is the family's breadwinner, for the resulting economic hardships very often set up reactions in the child which seriously damage his proper outlook on life.

Another aspect of the poor home category is that which the FBI classifies as *the inadequate home*. The Bureau assigns three causes for the inadequate home. First, there is that home which is inadequate because of poverty. Poverty, particularly in its lower levels, is usually accompanied by bad housing conditions, unwholesome neighborhood influences, and population congestion which denied the child the proper outlet for his physical energy. These conditions frequently foster a sense of frustration and bitterness in the youngster. When this occurs, the child usually unconsciously sets up a defense mechanism within himself and this condition is likely to result in an anti-social attitude.

An inadequate home may also be caused by *parents who are psychologically unfit for rearing children*. When this condition exists through a lack of emotional balance on the part of the parents, the children involved are frequently victims of emotional scenes which do serious and permanent damage to their sensitive personalities. Since children naturally imitate the conditions around them, they in turn grow up with a serious lack of emotional balance. When a home's atmosphere is continuously disturbed by emotional disruptions which sometimes reach cyclonic proportions, the dignity and order which are neces-

sary parts of the proper home atmosphere are lacking in a degree which usually produces results dangerous to the children.

Neglectful parents are the third cause of inadequate homes. The rapid pace set by modern living cuts deeply into the time which parents spend in the home and which they should devote to it. As a result, parents either deliberately or thoughtlessly neglect their children. They succumb to the false idea that children are self-sufficient and that, provided with the necessary food, shelter, and clothing, they will just naturally grow up into the proper pattern. Our experience is proving that this is untrue. Each generation must be trained and instructed in the basic principles which underlie sound living. When these principles are not taught or are taught insufficiently, the growing child lacks that pattern which is necessary for his guidance.

Unsound discipline joins inadequate homes and broken homes in causing poor home conditions. Unsound discipline may arise from a too great severity in disciplinary matters or, on the other hand, may result from too much leniency. Of course it always results when there is a total lack of discipline which is so frequently the case in modern homes. In such cases the parents have been guilty of reading the wrong books. They have been indulging in psychological trash which insists that even the smallest amount of discipline imposed upon a child will result in inhibitions, complexes, and repressions which will totally ruin his personality.

Almost as bad as the total lack of discipline is an *inconsistent policy* concerning it. There are parents who at times show the greatest severity in a given case and at others show the greatest leniency. This policy leaves the child utterly befuddled as to what is really required of him. As a result, he fails to form a definite pattern of behavior, never knowing how his behavior is rated. A firm discipline, with no harshness, temper, or vindictiveness entering into its adminis-

tration, with an occasional tempering of justice with mercy, is the best policy. In fact, it is an essential policy, for the undisciplined child will mature as an undisciplined citizen and an undisciplined citizen is, usually a lawless one.

Immorality is another heavy contributing factor to poor home conditions. This factor includes intemperance, evidences of infidelity which are plain to the children, various forms of vice in the home, and all other practices which are contrary to ordinary decency. Since a growing child's character partakes of the nature of the child's surroundings, the presence of these conditions materially affect the child's makeup. Closely joined to this aspect of poor home conditions is the factor of criminality in the home. When a child is born into a home where the parents and perhaps older members of the family are openly engaged in criminal activities, there is little chance that the child will escape following this pattern. In some cases of juvenile delinquency recorded by the FBI, children have been taught crime by their parents and in many instances have been forced to participate in it. Situations of this kind are sometimes very difficult to handle. Church and school mean little to children of this type.

The next factor listed by the FBI as a potent cause of poor home conditions is one which the Bureau calls "*emotional disturbances*." This label covers a multitude of factors. It ranges from undue favoritism shown to certain members of the family to extreme hostility shown to others. In some cases there is a hostile attitude to all the children in the family by one or both parents. In some extreme cases there is an almost complete rejection of the children by the parents, with the result that the children get the very definite impression that they are totally unwanted. On the other hand, there are parents who act as if they own their children body and soul and so dominate every aspect of the children's lives that the youngsters feel positive that

(Continued on page 174)



OUR LADY OF FATIMA

HOPE OF THE WORLD

STEPHEN ORAZE

Part XII

MONTEREY-FRESNO AND RENO DIOCESES

America's "Pilgrim Virgin," now touring the far-western states of our country, continues to draw tremendous crowds of people, all eager to see and venerate this famed image of Our Lady and to learn about the "peace plan from Heaven."

Throughout the course of the pilgrimage, innumerable incidents have occurred to prove that the Queen of Heaven recognizes and is grateful for the many prayers and sacrifices offered by those who labor in her behalf. In this issue are related several of the many wonderful personal favors of kindness and love, granted by the Blessed Virgin Mary to bring joy and happiness and consolation into the hearts of her special clients and workers. They are blessings that will be appreciated and understood by those who believe and hope in the power and the mercy of the Mother of God.

THE "Pilgrim Virgin" began its tour of the Monterey-Fresno diocese, in Central California, with a visit to Mercy Hospital, Bakersfield, March 15. The following afternoon, accompanied by scores of school-children who sang hymns of praise to Our Lady, the famed statue was carried in procession through the hospital and taken to all the patients who desired to venerate it.

That evening, the pilgrimage through the diocese began officially, with nearly 2000 persons attending the Marian Hour services at St. Francis Church in Bakersfield. The crowd was so large it could not begin to be accommodated, and many were forced to stand on the sidewalk in front of the church. Such was the case in practically every one of the 14 churches—in as many different cities—visited during the next two weeks.

Following is the complete schedule of churches, schools, convents and hospitals that welcomed Our Lady, all places being in California:

- March 15 Mercy Hospital, Bakersfield
 16 St. Francis Church, Bakersfield
 17 St. Mary's Church, Delano
 18 Sacred Heart Church, Lindsay
 Convent of Franciscan Sisters of Atonement, Lindsay

- 19 Convent of Sisters of St. Mary, Porterville
 Convent of Sisters of the Holy Cross, Fresno
 St. Agnes Hospital, Fresno
 St. John's Cathedral, Fresno
 20 St. Joachim's Church, Madera
 21 Sacred Heart Church, Dos Palos
 22 Our Lady of Mercy Church, Merced
 Mother of Mercy Hospital, Merced
 23 St. Jude's Church, Livingston
 24 St. Joseph's Church, Los Banos
 Convent of Sisters of St. Joseph of Orange, Los Banos
 Convent of the Missionary Catechists, Los Banos
 25 Holy Ghost Church, Gustine
 26 Sacred Heart Church, Hollister
 Convent of Sisters of St. Mary, Hollister
 27 Old Mission, San Juan Bautista
 Convent of Maryknoll Sisters, San Juan Bautista
 San Carlos Church, Monterey
 28 Moreland Notre Dame Academy, Watsonville
 St. Patrick's Church, Watsonville
 29 St. Theodore's Church, Gonzales
 30 Old Mission Church, San Luis Obispo
 Convent of Srs. of Immaculate Heart of Mary, San Luis Obispo
 31 St. Aloysius Church, Tulare



Priests, Brothers, Sisters and children at St. Boniface Indian School and Orphanage welcome the "Pilgrim Virgin" at their school in Banning, California, March 12th. For more than a year, through Brother Bernardine, O.F.M., they had followed the progress of the tour through the country, and had prayed for visit of the statue. Never has Our Lady received a warmer welcome than the one she received here.

MONTEREY-FRESNO HIGHLIGHTS

Upon arrival in Fresno, Saturday afternoon, March 19th, the "Pilgrim Virgin" was taken to the bedside of Most Rev. Philip Scher, Bishop of the diocese, who a few years ago suffered a paralytic stroke. Bedridden since then, the Bishop could not control his joy during the visit of Our Lady, who had come to console him in his affliction, and to give him strength and encouragement to bear his sufferings.

Most Rev. Aloysius Willinger, Coadjutor and Apostolic Administrator, welcomed and crowned the famous image at St. John's Cathedral, Fresno, and then consecrated the diocese to the Immaculate Heart of Mary.

On October 13, 1947, a priest from California watched as the "Pilgrim Virgin" was blessed by the Bishop of Fatima at the great Shrine in Portugal, and as a young girl, 10 feet away on a stretcher—on the point of death—was miraculously cured of her serious malady. When he returned to this country, that priest, Rev. Cornelius Casey, followed the progress of the pilgrimage reported in

various magazines and newspapers, and hoped that someday his church might be privileged to welcome and honor the renowned replica of Our Lady. Friday, March 18th, that wish was granted, for the statue was enshrined in Sacred Heart Church, Lindsay, California, where Father Casey had recently been appointed as pastor. Needless to say, this ardent promoter of the message of Fatima, together with his people, gave Our Lady a royal welcome befitting the Queen of Heaven.

The highway marker gave the population of Livingston, California as 895. But many more than that number of people came to venerate the statue during its visit to St. Jude's Church, There, as they listened to the story of Fatima, these faithful souls heard a confirmation of the words so often preached by their pastor, Rev. John Higgins, that supernatural forces—both good and evil—are at work in the world today; some seeking to save our souls, others seeking to destroy us spiritually for all eternity.

Throughout central California there are many settlements of Portuguese nationals. For them the

coming of the "Pilgrim Virgin" brought great joy. In Gustine, Dos Palos, and Los Banos they flocked to the churches in large numbers to honor Our Lady of Fatima, the patroness of their country. There are slightly more than 1500 people in Gustine. Yet, more than 2000 from there and the surrounding rural areas jammed the huge Portuguese Hall for the services March 25th. Almost that many came again the following morning to attend Mass and receive Holy Communion in reparation for sin. That afternoon, several hundred gathered for the departure ceremony. With tears streaming down their faces, they stood in the street waving handkerchiefs and singing native songs of farewell to Our Lady, much like the scenes at Fatima on the 13th of each month from May to October. Many of these people followed the statue from place to place in its tour of the various churches.

The visit in the diocese came to a close at St. Aloysius Church, Tulare, California, March 31st. Here, as in most places, the crowds were so large they could not begin to be accommodated in the church. More people were outside, listening to the sermon over loudspeakers, than were inside. In all, more than 50,000 attended the services in the Fresno diocese, bringing to over four million the number of Americans who have knelt at Our Lady's feet to pray for the conversion of Russia and for a just and lasting peace in the world.

SURPRISE IN SACRAMENTO

Three traveling days were scheduled for a leisurely trip via Yosemite National Park to Reno, Nevada. But a strange series of circumstances forced a change in those plans. First, Tulare was added to the Fresno itinerary. Then, at the last

Sisters and priests escort the "Pilgrim Virgin" in night procession to Sacred Heart Church, Hollister, California.



minute, officials of the Reno diocese decided to open services Sunday morning, April 3rd, instead of that evening. As a result, only a day and a half remained for travel instead of three and the intended route had to be changed. There was no other choice than to stop overnight at Sacramento, California, the only junction point having definitely passable roads to Reno.

Because Our Lady's image never is left in the pilgrimage car at night, Monsignor McGrath called the pastor of Blessed Sacrament Cathedral in Sacramento to ask that it be placed overnight in some church or convent. Permission was granted for the Cathedral. As luck (or Our Lady) would have it, the call was completed just 15 minutes before Lenten devotions were to begin in the Cathedral Wednesday, March 30th. An announcement was made at those services that the statue would arrive Friday evening, April 1st.

Although the members of the pilgrimage party were unaware of the fact at that time, it was the Blessed Virgin Mary, who, for reasons of her own, caused the change in routing. When the statue arrived in Sacramento, those reasons became obvious.

Ever since Ash Wednesday of last year, February 11, 1948, at Blessed Sacrament Cathedral a group of devout Catholics have been praying a perpetual Rosary in honor of Our Lady of Fatima—in reparation to the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary for the conversion of Russia. The idea had been conceived by a young woman, Miss Marie Dachauer, who in the beginning was told frequently that it would not work. However, thirty men and women volunteered to be responsible for a day each month. They, in turn, provided leaders for the Rosary for each hour of the day until 10:00 P.M. each night, except during scheduled services. Through a campaign in the diocesan newspaper, enough people signed up so there were at least half a dozen praying the Rosary every hour throughout the day.

For more than a year this perpetual Rosary has continued. Always there were enough people on hand to answer the Ave's. When one couldn't keep his promised hour, he or she provided a substitute. On and on the "Our Father's" and "Hail Mary's" were prayed, through the Summer, the Fall and the Winter. In addition to the daily Rosary, all the leaders and as many others who cared to do likewise, spent the entire night before the First Saturday of each month at the Cathedral, offering their prayers and sacrifices in reparation for sin.

From her throne in Heaven, the Mother of God

watched the magnificent efforts of this little band and was greatly pleased at what she witnessed. She saw, however, that sometimes they tended to become discouraged, wondering if they really were accomplishing any good, especially in view of the apparent triumph of evil in the world and the victories being scored by the Communists and atheists. So, out of her tender love and mercy, Our Lady decided to give these loyal workers a most pleasant surprise to encourage them.

Hoping against hope, the members of this little group had prayed often that the "Pilgrim Virgin" might one day visit their city. But it seemed that these prayers were destined never to be answered. Then it happened. Like a bolt from the blue the announcement from the pulpit of the statue's coming reached their ears. They could hardly believe what they heard. It was just too good to be true.

For the night Our Lady's image would remain in the Cathedral was the eve of the First Saturday of April—the night they would be kneeling in prayer to Our Lady of Fatima.

There was no further announcement, and no newspaper or other publicity of any kind. But word of the visit spread through Our Lady's grapevine, with friend telling friend and many more. The statue arrived around 5:00 P.M. and from that moment a never-ending stream of humanity began filing in and out of the Cathedral. On through the night and the wee hours of the morning they came, and by 8:00 A.M. several thousand people had come to pay their respects to their Queen and Mother.

And what of the little band of Mary's faithful workers? It was with more than usual fervor that they told their beads that night, for standing

Our Lady's image enters St. Theresa's Church, Carson City, Nevada.



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before them, radiant in the gleam of a bright spotlight, stood the "Pilgrim Virgin." It was not a coincidence that the expression of happiness and appreciation on Our Lady's face seemed to mirror exactly the expressions of happiness and appreciation written on the faces and in the hearts of her special children. She was pleased to be in their midst and thank them for their wonderful efforts in her behalf—and they were extremely grateful she had come.

Yes, to the members of the pilgrimage party, who have witnessed many similar incidents during the course of the tour, the reason was now obvious why the "Pilgrim Virgin" had to be in Sacramento on that particular night.

RENO DIOCESE HONORS OUR LADY

Leaving the fertile valleys around Sacramento, the pilgrimage car proceeded over U.S. Highway 40, ascending the long winding road leading high into the Sierra Mountains. For a good part of the distance banks of snow, three feet high and more, lined the way. In various places skiers could be seen enjoying a week-end vacation. Down the other side was the long descent that ended in the wide-open spaces of Nevada.

In Reno, which calls itself "The biggest little city in the world," Bishop Thomas K. Gorman welcomed and crowned the "Pilgrim Virgin" at St. Thomas Aquinas Cathedral, Sunday, April 3rd.

There are not very many Catholics in Nevada, only about 23,000 being spread through the vast reaches of this State, which has not as yet outgrown its pioneer days. Nearly half of those Catholics came to see the statue in the various churches and institutions visited. These included: St. Theresa's Church, Carson City; St. John's Church, Lovelock; St. Mary's Church, Virginia City; St. Patrick's Church, Tonopah; St. Andrew's Church, Boulder City; St. Anne's Church, Las Vegas; Catholic High School, Reno; St. Mary's Hospital, Reno; Holy Family Convent, Las Vegas; and Dominican Sisters Hospital at Henderson, all in the State of Nevada.

Virginia City and Tonopah, once famous silver and gold mining centers, are now only ghost towns. The former once had a population exceeding 40,000, which now numbers about 250. Now a tourist center, its chief attraction is the "Bucket of Blood" and the "Suicide Table"—symbols of the boom days when \$38,000 was gambled and lost on the turn of one card.

"PILGRIM VIRGIN" VISITS NEVADA STATE PRISON

One of the highlights of the Nevada tour was

the visit made to the Nevada State Prison at Carson City, April 5th. The trip was made because of the appeal made by the mother of one of the prisoners. A few days before the statue arrived in the city, she wrote the following letter to Rev. John J. Ryan, transient chaplain of the prison:

"For the sake of my boy and the other inmates of the Nevada State Prison, I beg that you request that the "Pilgrim Virgin" of Our Lady of Fatima be permitted to visit the prison.

"Certainly, no other community has so little contact with God's Mother as this prison, where there is not even a resident chaplain.

"Thank you most sincerely for the effort I hope you will make in behalf of your men and boys."

Sincerely yours,

(Name withheld)

Dubious that this request would be granted, Father Ryan nevertheless, decided to make the effort, especially when he learned the pilgrimage officials were willing provided the necessary approval could be obtained.

Contacting Warden Richard Sheehy, a Catholic, Father Ryan asked permission for the visit. He

The "Pilgrim Virgin" enshrined in St. Anne's Church, Las Vegas, Nevada, Easter Sunday. With the opening of the new church that day was dedicated the first shrine to Our Lady of Fatima in the entire State.



explained that the Warden might be "sticking his neck out" by permitting the statue to be brought in—thus letting himself open for criticism and censure from various sources. But Warden Sheehy agreed with the priest that it would be a wonderful opportunity of grace for the men, and granted the request.

Nearly one third of all the men attended the simple ceremonies honoring Our Lady, conducted in the "rainbow room" of the prison. The warden described it as the largest voluntary gathering ever to assist at a religious service in the history of the penitentiary. After listening attentively to the words of hope contained for them in the message of Fatima, the men gathered around to gaze at the beautiful statue and to ask questions about the story. It meant a great deal to them to learn that in the Mother of God they had found someone who truly was interested in helping them solve their problems.

As for the mother who had written the letter, the tears in her eyes expressed her sincere thanks and her joy in knowing that her request was granted and that her boy was among those who had come to honor Our Lady.

"OUR LADY WANTED TO BE AT ST. ANNE'S, TOO"

In the summer of 1948, a young priest from the Toledo, Ohio diocese, Rev. John Kenny, because of poor health transferred to the warmer climes of the Reno diocese. He was appointed as assistant pastor at St. Anne's Church in Las Vegas, Nevada. For many months Father Kenny had followed the progress of the "Pilgrim Virgin" tour, hoping some day to see the famed statue. Never dreaming Our Lady's image would one day visit the parish where he was stationed, he decided to organize a unique little pilgrimage of his own. He obtained a smaller statue of Our Lady of Fatima, and, throughout the month of October 1948, had it taken to a different home in the parish each night. In each of the homes several of the neighbors would gather and offer the Rosary for the conversion of Russia. In this and in many other ways, Father Kenny sought to spread devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary. Though he would be the last one to believe so, he is one of the two principal reasons the "Pilgrim Virgin" visited St. Anne's Church.

The other reason is St. Anne, herself. For nearly two years the members of this recently-formed parish attended Holy Mass in a theater, where a portable altar was erected on the stage. They longed for the day when they would have a church of their own. It had been hoped their new church would be ready for services by Christmas of last year. However, many unusual delays in construc-

tion were experienced and the opening had to be postponed until Easter Sunday, 1949. During those anxious months, the pastor and people could not understand the reason for the delays. Before long, the answer became apparent.

As Rt. Rev. Msgr. James B. Empey, the pastor, expressed it: "The Blessed Virgin Mary knew she would be visiting Nevada. Like any good and loving daughter, Our Lady wanted to be at St. Anne's, too. She wanted to be present on this great occasion, when the new church would be opened in honor of her mother."

What a glorious Easter it was for the members of this parish. Accompanied by the little children, wearing their very best Sunday clothes and smiling faces, the "Pilgrim Virgin" was carried in solemn procession to be present for the first Mass in the new church. Truly it was a never-to-be-forgotten day in the lives of the priests and people.

That evening a triduum honoring Our Lady of Fatima was begun, and for the three nights St. Anne's Church was crowded to overflowing by all those who came to hear about the "peace plan from Heaven"—now the only hope men have of realizing the true peace purchased for us by the risen Christ.

FATIMA AND HELL

When the Mother of God appeared to the three children of Fatima on July 13, 1917, she showed them a terrifying vision of Hell. As Lucy later described it: "Our Lady opened her hands, and the light issuing from them seemed to penetrate the earth, which seemed to vanish before our eyes. We saw huge numbers of devils and damned souls in a vast and fiery ocean. The devils resembled hideous black animals, each filling the air with despairing shrieks. The damned souls were in their human bodies and seemed brown in color, tumbling about constantly in the flames and screaming with terror. All were on fire within and without their bodies, and neither devils nor damned souls seemed able to control their movements. They were tossing about like fiery coals in a furnace, with never an instant's peace or freedom from pain."

Our Lady told the children: "*You have seen Hell, where the souls of poor sinners go. To save them, God wishes to establish throughout the world devotion to my Immaculate Heart. If people do what I tell you, many souls will be saved and there will be peace.*"

THE HOLY FATHER AND HELL

Pope Pius XII, in his annual audience with the pastors and Lenten preachers of Rome, March 23, 1949, stated that "*the preaching of Hell is more than ever urgent today, and it is the duty of the*

Church, before God and men, to teach it... as Christ revealed it."

Following are excerpts from that memorable address:

"Desire for Heaven is a more perfect motive than fear of eternal punishment, but from this it does not follow that it is the most effective motive to hold people far from sin and convert them to God."

"Propaganda for an earthly life without God is open, seductive and continuous. Often God is not denied. He is not cursed. But he is absent."

"It is sorrowful to see so many people—among them many Catholics—living as though their only aim is to form Heaven on earth, without any thought of the beyond and of eternity."

"Preaching of the first truths of faith is more than ever urgent, and so is the preaching of Hell."

"When one thinks of the nauseating crudeness and immodesty shown in newspapers and magazines, in the theater or on the screen, and of the inconceivable aberration of parents who go with their children to amuse themselves with such horrors, one blushes with shame."

"Even in films considered morally without reproach, men live and die as though there were no God, nor Redemption, nor Church."

HOLLYWOOD AND HELL

The words of the Holy Father hold a particular meaning for us, when applied to life in these United States. Here, the vast majority of Americans live an utterly pagan existence, as though the material comforts and pleasures and successes of this world were their last end. Most of them live such blind and foolish lives because they have been educated that way by our modern books, newspapers, magazines and motion pictures. Particularly is Hollywood,—meaning the motion picture industry—responsible for bringing about the ruin of many souls by propagating this false philosophy.

With very few exceptions, if Hollywood does not actually revile and ridicule Almighty God, it treats Him as though He did not exist—as though our lives and the future of the world did not depend upon His power and mercy and love.

According to Hollywood, Satan and Hell are treated as a big joke. The devil is pictured as a not half-bad, rather clever and likeable fellow when you really get to know him. Seldom, if ever, are Lucifer and his vile followers portrayed in their true forms as scheming diabolical demons, seeking constantly through every foul means possible to bring about our spiritual destruction. Their only aim is to bring about our downfall that we

may share for all eternity the horrible torments and sufferings they experience.

The movies have become the "bible" for millions of people—including many Catholics—who try to imitate the false and hollow lives pictured on the screen. In the shows, God is ignored, and Hell and the devil are good for a laugh. When a person dies, all that remains is to burn the body, and, against a background of beautiful trees and soft music, place the ashes in an urn that will rest in a hole in the wall. Such is death and that is the end of life—so Hollywood thinks and would have us believe.

HEAVEN AND HELL AND ETERNITY ARE REAL

The Bible, and especially the words of Christ, give sufficient proof of the existence of Hell and its horrible punishments. At Fatima, Our Lady showed three little children the souls being tossed about in the fires of Hell. And the Holy Father warns that Hell is a terrible reality to be endured forever by those who refuse to give up grievous sin.

Heaven, too, is a reality, even though we cannot conceive a true picture of it in our minds. As St. Paul writes, after being given a vision of Heaven, (1st Epistle Corinthians): "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man, what things God hath prepared for them that love him."

It is difficult to realize the meaning of eternity without using our imaginations. Picture, if we can, a bird coming to take one sip of water from the ocean every 100 years—which is longer than most of us will live. When he has drunk all the oceans and lakes and rivers completely dry, then eternity will only be beginning.

Heaven, Hell and eternity are for a long, long time—they are forever.

We can avoid Hell with all its torments and save other souls from going there, and we can be sure of gaining eternal happiness for ourselves in Heaven by consecrating ourselves to the Immaculate Heart of Mary, as she requested at Fatima. The Blessed Virgin Mary has stated over and over again that those who place themselves under her protection will never have to fear the demons and the fires of Hell, for they can do her children no harm.

To consecrate ourselves to Mary is to give ourselves completely to her, to offer to her all our thoughts, words and actions, together with all the merits from our good works; and to make everything we do a sacrifice for her in reparation for sin. Our Lady has promised: "If you give yourselves to me without reserve, I shall take care of all the rest."

MARRIAGE & SAINTS



JAMES P. GRIFFIN

THE Catholic Church is both the Bride of Christ and the Mother of the faithful. As such, she is divine and human. But because she is divine and human, our tender Mother accommodates God's grace and God's truth to us, her children, in a very human way. This she does by many means. Most importantly, however, she infuses grace through the Sacraments, sensible signs, and imparts the truth of the Scriptures through the life of Christ, Truth in action, and the lives of those men and women, the Saints, who reflect His perfections.

The usual marriage ceremony of

the Church, the Sacrament of Matrimony administered, at the Nuptial Mass, combines these two ideas. The newlyweds receive two Sacraments, Matrimony and the Holy Eucharist, and pray the Mass of Liturgy and Truth. They always understand that they receive grace because the Sacraments are visible and conveniently adapted to them. Usually, perhaps, they miss the model of truth which our Mother gives them to imitate. The Introit sets the theme or spirit of the Mass, and would provoke them to thought and action were they to realize that this Introit comes alive in a saintly man, a character of the Old Testa-

ment.

Tobias the Younger was a member of the tribe of Nephthali. To Nephthali his father Jacob had prophesied, "A hart let loose, and giving words of beauty" (Gen. 49:21). This is the hart mentioned by the Psalmist, "As the hart pants after the fountains of water, so my soul pants after Thee, O God" (Ps. 50:1); the hart, a male deer, red of color, swift, sure, graceful, straight-running, with its head lifted and its eyes on a single goal; Nephthali, giving words of beauty, words expressing beautiful things, expressing things beautifully and participating in the loveliness of the beauty of God (Ps. 49:2). These words of prophecy the tribe of Nephthali fulfilled. Debhora, prophetess of Nephthali, is famous for her beauty, motherliness and courage, her wisdom and glorious canticle in praise of God. The men of Nephthali offered their lives in the battle of Merome and served under Gedeon. Tobias the Younger, too, is a loyal son of his tribe.

His father, Tobias the Elder, was born and lived, until the fall of Samaria about 720 B.C., in Nephthali, the northern sector of Palestine, called the Galilee of the Gentiles. With his wife, Anna, and their only son, he was then exiled with so many of his countrymen to Ninive in Assyria. "And because he was mindful of the Lord with all his heart, giving wholesome admonitions and distributing to everyone as he was able out of his goods, God gave him favor in the sight of Salmanasar, the king" (Tob. 1:13 sqq.). Some years later he thought he was to die because dung had blinded him and he called his son. Long and often must he have meditated on the motto of the tribe. How closely he followed the worthy tradition of the Jews by imparting at the end his words of wisdom. How he emulated David's advice to Solomon, "Son, take courage; be a man" (3 Kgs. 2:2). Tobias summarizes his testament in the simple words, "Son, be mindful of God. And all the days of thy life keep God in thy mind" (Tob. 4:6). Truly will the son be "a hart let loose, and giving words

of beauty" if he remembers and lives these words.

Only two instances highlight the early life of Tobias the Younger. He was taught from his infancy to fear God and to abstain from all sin (Tob. 1:10). Secondly, one day when a feast was prepared his father said, "Go, and bring some of our tribe that fear God to feast with us" (Tob. 2:2). He obeyed immediately. Further, when he was carrying out his duty, he was so alive and eager to help his neighbor, to forward his father's corporal works of mercy, and to serve his God that he gave his father an opportunity to bury a slain and abandoned youth of Israel (Tob. 2:1-9).

Tobias, about his twenty-fifth year, was directed by his father to make a journey of forty days to Rages in Persia in order to collect a debt. He forthrightly answers, "I will do all things, father, which you have commanded me" (Tob. 5:1). He seeks and finds a companion, a faithful man, for the trip, the Archangel Raphael, who calls himself Azarias, the servant of the great Ananias, meaning, "an aid of the Lord, the servant of the almighty divine Goodness." After the usual farewell to a weeping mother and a consoling father, they stop the first night along the shore of the Tigris River. When a large fish comes up to devour Tobias, he cries out, "Sir, he comes upon me." Thereupon, the angel both saves him and teaches him the use of the fish.

Half-way on their trip they stop in Ecbatana at the house of Tobias's kinsman, Raguel. Tobias, at the counsel of Raphael, introduces himself, marries Sara, the daughter of Raguel, and by means of prayer subdues a devil who had killed her seven previous husbands. Following a joyful feast because it is observed in the fear of the Lord, Tobias is anxious to return home with his wife and the money which Raphael went ahead to collect. Sara listens to the admonishments, "to honor her father and mother-in-law, to love her husband, to take care of the family, to govern the house, and to behave herself irreprehensibly" (Tob. 10:13), and the group starts out.

The lamentations of Anna, "Why did we send thee to go to a strange country, the light of our eyes, the staff of our old age, the comfort of our life, the hope of our posterity?" (Tob. 10:4) change to joy with "Behold, your son comes." Blind old Tobias stumbles in his haste to kiss his son; the dog wags his tail in welcome; the blind sees; all thank God and His servant Raphael; Sara is received and blessed. Such is the happiness of the homecoming which endures for many years. When in fact his death approaches, the father reiterates his words of long ago, "Be mindful of God," and dies. "And after Tobias the Younger returned to his father and mother-in-law and had lived ninety-nine years in the fear of the Lord, with joy they buried him" (Tob. 14: 14-16).

Why does our Mother, the Church, choose Tobias as the model for her newlywed children? The reason is that she wishes to emphasize the importance of the words, "All the days of thy life keep God in thy mind." Tobias, however, is most appropriate because he lived these words heroically and yet ordinarily as can all men. He was a saintly married man.

We may answer the question in another way. Man exists to know, love and serve God, to share in the Light, Love and Life of God. The vocation of every man is always to strive for perfection, to live in faith and in charity, to combine prayer and work, the life of the spirit and the life of action, the interior life and the exterior life, to be his better self, to be manly in the true and beautiful sense of the word, to possess the real autonomous freedom of the sons of God, the freedom to do only what is right and always to be good, to be theocentric, body and soul centered on God, to be a saint. But life with God follows the love of God, and the love of God demands that the mind be fixed on God. Life grows from love; love feeds on thought; thought is nurtured by fond association. It is necessary, then, that the psychological and spiritual foundations of a saint be a tenacious faith in the living God, "God in the mind."

Man, moreover, has within the scheme of his vocation an avocation, usually marriage. Marriage is the union of husband and wife, the companionship of man and woman, as the basis of the family. Marriage is necessary because man is not only a rational animal but also a social one, and he lives socially as a member of a family. But man, considered merely as a married man, needs an orientation toward God. He has a choice of only two loves, self to the contempt of God and all other creatures with God, or God in Himself and in all things to the contempt of self. To love God first is the sole way that he can truly love self and others, especially his wife and children. Hence the guarantee of a long and happy marriage is the love of God, which has as its principle "God in the mind."

Our Mother the Church wishes us to imitate the good and great characters of Sacred Scripture, not only because they are that in themselves, but also because their lives and words are placed in the Bible by the inspiration of the Holy Spirit. When she finds that such an average person as Tobias exemplifies and epitomizes the fundamental principle of man's existence and marriage, "keep God in thy mind," she proposes him as the model for Saints and newlyweds.

Our Holy Father states and applies these thoughts in an address which he gave to newlyweds in the spring of 1940. His topic is "The Three Theological Virtues as the Foundation of Christian Happiness." He writes:

Guided by thoughtful faith you come, my dear newlyweds, in the springtime of your life to ask Our apostolic blessing on this day when the springtime of nature smiles upon you. We would like to inspire you with thoughts of faith, inviting you to listen for a few moments, about you and within you, to that which the poets and artists call the song of springtime . . . You, then, dear newlyweds, who have the springtime of life before you, enter it with a deep faith in God, with firm confidence in His power and His goodness. You may have trials; God Himself will seem at times to leave you alone with your difficulties, like the father who wants to test the

strength of his little son by keeping out of sight for a moment. His justice, like that of a father, may allow suffering of body or soul to purify you, offering you the means of reparation by penance. Your mutual happiness, so beautiful today, may at times be clouded. Reawaken at those times your faith in God, renew your faith in your vows, your faith in the grace of the sacrament, your sincere reconciliations, which are, in a manner of speaking, a new springtime because they bring again after the cold and the storm, gentle breezes, light and peace.

Finally, we may answer the question, "Why does our Mother the Church choose Tobias as the model for the newlywed children?", by studying the Liturgy of the Nuptial Mass. This study will be both realistic and allegorical, and will be based on the Commentary of Saint Bede, the Venerable, on the Book of Tobias.

The priest prays these words at the Introit and before the Last Gospel: "May the God of Israel join you together as man and wife; may He be with you, Who had mercy on two only children; and, Lord, make them bless you more fully in their married life. May the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob be with you, and may He fulfill His blessing in you, that you may see your children's children even to the fourth generation, and thereafter may you have life everlasting" (Tob. 7:15; 8:9).

This prayer made up the marital ceremony of the ancient Jews. It climaxed the courtship of Tobias and Sara. We may therefore appropriately consider it as the conclusion of the preparations of Tobias for marriage, and as a result view the virtues which so admirably fitted him for his avocation. These qualities are three. He was filial, human, and prayerful—in a word, he was a true man, a theocentric man, a man with God in his mind.

In his family relations Tobias is pictured with natural grace and affection as being filial. He was a dutiful son, obedient to the wishes and concerned for the feelings of his parents. When his father justly ordered him, the reply came quickly, "Yes, father, I will do what you say," and the action immediately



Tobias, about his twenty-fifth year, was directed by his father to make a journey of forty days to Rages in Persia in order to collect a debt.

followed. Several times on his journey he declared his worry. "I know that my father and mother now count the days, and their spirit is grievously afflicted within them" (Tob. 10:9). The external occasion of this was domestic peace and simplicity. Yet the root was a mind on God for "he that feareth the Lord honoreth his parents" (Eccles. 3:8). Honor for parents is impossible and meaningless unless authority is founded in and ordered to the God of truth, goodness and unity. "For there is no power but from God, and those that are, are ordained of God" (Rom. 13:1).

Saint Bede sees in Tobias because of his human manliness, a figure of the humanity of Christ. This nobility is manifested in two incidents. "Tobias being afraid of the fish cried out with a loud voice saying, 'Sir, he comes upon me.' And Christ, when death was approaching, began to fear and to be weary. He was not afraid of the devil, but He shuddered at death, which entered the world through the devil because of the natural weakness of the flesh. Hence He prayed, 'If it is possible let this hour pass away. Abba, Father, all things are possible to You; take away this chalice from Me; yet not what I will, but what You will.'"

Christ, our God, was really man. When we ask ourselves, however, what human characteristics He dis-

played, we usually say that He ate and drank, He was hungry and tired, He cried, He laughed, He was happy and sad, He cursed and He loved. Seldom do we realize the consoling thought that the God-Man was afraid. But He was. In the Agony He trembled and sweated drops of blood because He feared. How human then is Tobias when he cries out, "Sir, he comes upon me," or "I hear that Sara has been given to seven husbands and they all died; now I am afraid lest the same thing should happen to me also; and whereas I am the only child of my parents I should bring down their old age with sorrow to hell" (Tob. 4: 14-15). This is not a cowardly fear. Tobias had already proved himself in starting on his difficult journey, in conquering the fish and in battling the devil. But he did "all these things in Him Who strengthened him." That was the counsel of the Angel. A man should fear. If he does not he is rash and bold. Tobias was strong with the moral virtue of fortitude, which is patience in perseverance, and with the infused gifts of the Holy Ghost, which are fortitude and the fear of the Lord. As a result, reason and the inspiration of the Spirit tempered his courage to make it human and manly.

Tobias is a figure of the humanity of Christ, too, when he seeks a companion to accompany him on his

journey. "And the Angel appeared to Tobias, made him his friend, and through him did great things for the people to whom he was sent. And the Son of God assumed a human nature in which He visibly talked with men, and saved the human race." Here are examples of two great friendships, that of Raphael and Tobias, a figure of that of the Divinity and Humanity of Christ. Man's heart by its nature speaks with other hearts. Man seeks a friend in another man, in a woman, in God. Yet ultimately and essentially friendship is a seeking for God. "Our hearts are made for Thee, O God, and they will never rest until they rest in Thee." When a man seeks a friend, he is not self-centered; he yearns for God; he is theocentric. This desire is continuous for "he that is a friend loveth at all times" (Prov. 17:17). It was a longing for God by men like Tobias that made the Son of God answer the call to friendship. God because He is goodness and love created man. Adam, though, by his sin denied God his love. Yet in the depths of his nature man cannot but love God, unless he cease to be a man. "For the expectation of the creature waiteth for the revelation of the sons of God. For we know that every creature groaneth, and travaileth in pain, even till now" (Rom. 8:19 and 22). Humanity craved for divinity, "and the Word became flesh, and dwelt among us" (Jn. 1; 14), to be our friend. "This is My commandment, that you should love one another, as I have loved you. This is the greatest love that a man can show, that he should lay down his life for his friends; and you, if you do all that I command you, are My friends. I do not speak of you any more as My servants; a servant is one who does not understand what his master is about, whereas I have made known to you all that My Father has told Me; and so I have called you My friends" (Jn. 15: 13-15). How truly do the newlyweds pray at the Offertory of the Mass: Grant that we may be made partakers of His Divinity, Who became a partaker of our humanity.

Tobias, finally, was prayerful. The spirit of prayer hallowed the whole conduct of his life. His father told him, "Bless God at all times; and desire of Him to direct thy ways, and that all thy counsels may abide in Him" (Tob. 4: 20). These words were a remote preparation for marriage, but notice furthermore the immediate preparation. Before the two companions knocked on the door of Raguel's house, Raphael told him how to conquer the evil spirit of marriage. "For they who in such manner receive matrimony, as to shut out God from themselves, and from their mind, and to give themselves to their lust as the horse and the mule, which have not understanding, over them the devil hath power. But thou when thou shalt take her, go into the chamber, and for three days keep thyself continent from her, and give thyself to nothing else but to prayers with her" (Tob. 6: 17-18). Tobias followed the command. He said, "Sara, arise and let us pray to God today, tomorrow, and the next day; because for these three nights we are joined to God; and when the third night is over, we shall be in our wedlock. For we are the children of saints, and we must not be joined together

like heathens that know not God" (Tob. 8: 4-5). Tobias had heard the words, "We are the children of saints" (Tob. 2: 18) many years before from his father. Meditation on them, and conviction from them now begot prayerful action during these formative days of wedded life.

As the Introit is a symbol of the preparation of the newlyweds for marriage, so the Epistle is a symbol of their initiation into the mystery of marriage and the mystery of Christ and His Bride, the Church.

Wives must obey their husbands as they obey the Lord; the man is the head to which the woman's body is united, just as Christ is the head of the Church, He, the Savior, on whom the safety of his body depends. Why then, women must owe obedience on all points to their husbands, as the Church does to Christ. You who are husbands must show love to your wives, as Christ showed love to the Church when he gave himself up on its behalf. He would hallow it, purify it by bathing it in the water to which His word gave life, he would summon it into His own presence, the Church in all its beauty, no stain, no wrinkle, no such disfigurement; it was to be holy, it was to be spotless. And that is how husband ought to love wife, as if she were his own body; in loving a wife a man is but loving himself. It is unheard of, that a man should

Marriage is the union of husband and wife, the companionship of man and woman, as the basis of the family.



bear ill-will to his own flesh and blood; no, he keeps it fed and warmed; and so it is with Christ and the Church; we are limbs of His body; flesh and bone, we belong to Him. That is why a man will leave his father and mother and will cling to his wife, and the two will become one flesh. Yes, those words are a high mystery, and I am applying them here to Christ and His Church. Meanwhile, each of you is to love his wife as he would love himself, and the wife is to pay reverence to her husband (Eph. 5: 22-33).

The simple comment on this beautiful and clear, but mysterious passage, will be Saint Bede's interpretation of the wedding of Tobias and Sara as a figure of the wedding of Christ and the Church:

The angel told Tobias that he should enter the house of Raguel and seek his daughter Sara for his wife. Raguel stands for the Gentiles whom the Lord deigned to visit through his preachers; that from their offspring He might take a wife, i.e., that the Gentiles should become His Church. It is fitting that Sara should be the name of the Church on account of Sara, the wife of Abraham, who bore Isaac, the son of the promise, the free people of the Church.

The Communion of the Mass is the seal of the wedding. Christ enters the hearts of the newlyweds to confirm their promises in the Flesh and Blood of His love. A picture in the catacombs of the fourth century portrays Tobias holding a fish, signifying the Holy Eucharist,

the Divine Fish, Jesus Christ. Eucharist means "saying thanks in the right way." Tobias thanked God properly at all times, prosperous and evil. Hence he holds the Fish, the Eucharist. Now, too, the newlyweds thank God worthily and excellently for His greatness and goodness, and for all His favors. They live, now not they, but Christ, body and blood, mind and heart, lives in them.

Finally, the Communion Prayer, a duplication of the Tract, is a symbol of the consummation of the wedding. Preparation, initiation, confirmation, and fulfillment. "Behold thus shall every man be blessed that feareth the Lord; and may you see your children's children; peace upon Israel" (Ps. 127: 4 and 6). Before the *Pater Noster* the priest had prayed for the wife:

May the author of deceit work none of his evil deeds within her. May she ever be knit to the faith and to the commandments. May she be true to one husband and fly from forbidden approaches. May she fortify her weakness by strong discipline. May she be grave in demeanor and honored for her modesty. May she be well taught in heavenly lore. May she be fruitful in offspring. May her life be good and sinless. May she win the rest of the blessed and the kingdom of heaven.

Together they shall reach the old age, happiness, and love, which they desire.

Married life is not easy. Idealism and realism are needed. Victory, however, is assured if the mind is fixed on God. This is the principle, the theme, the spirit, the message of Tobias, the model chosen by our Mother the Church for her newlywed children. Tobias had his problems. Every man does. As often, the Bible takes much for granted and makes no mention of them. Possibly he had fewer difficulties than we shall have because God is more providential to some than to others. God alone knows how it stood with Tobias. Our trials, too, will be little ones if we act as children to our Father in heaven and to our Mother on earth. Yet always we may listen to "God writes straight with crooked lines"; "And we know that to them that love God, all things work together unto good"; "Do not wonder, reader, that sometimes the good deeds of man signify evil, and sometimes the evil deeds of man signify good. Otherwise, God would write never with black ink but always with shining gold, because God is Light."

Tobias lived a common, ordinary life. He was great because he knew, loved, and served God in the usual avocation of marriage. He was a true son of Nephthali, a true Israelite, a true man, and a figure of Christ. He epitomized his life in the few words, "God in the mind."

What Causes Juvenile Delinquency? (Continued from page 162)

they have been born into an absolute spiritual, moral and physical slavery. In homes where emotional disturbances reign, we may find the badly spoiled child or on the other hand the child who feels that he is an intruder in the lives of his parents. The spoiled youngster is apt to engage in delinquency because he feels positive he can go unpunished for every wrong he may do. In other situations, the dominated or the unwanted child may seek relief through participation in various forms of delinquency. Very often the delinquency is the result of an anti-social spirit which has

been caused by the parent's attitude. In such cases it is simply the result of the natural defense mechanism which a mistreated child naturally sets up in his own behalf. Such defense mechanism usually does not stop with being directed against the parents, but usually continues until it is directed against society as a whole.

The final aspect of poor home conditions listed by the Bureau is that which obtains when parents and others who should be properly interested in the training of youth fail to constructively instruct youngsters in the principles of

proper civic behavior and to instill in them proper social standards. Since man is naturally a social being, children must be taught positive patterns of proper social conduct. When this pattern is lacking, un-social or anti-social attitudes may result.

Poor home conditions is only one of the nine chief causes listed by the FBI as the chief factors contributing to juvenile delinquency. Since we must understand the causes of delinquency if we are to overcome it, we shall later discuss the more important of the other factors involved.

ECHOES FROM OUR ABBEY HALLS

Walter Sullivan, O.S.B.

Shade of His Hand

Last April 18th our Father Andrew Bauer, O.S.B. rounded out almost four years of intense suffering, and passed to his reward. The words of Thompson's famous poem, *Hound of Heaven*, apply to our heroic and patient confrere: "Is my gloom, then, shade of Thy hand outstretched caressingly?" Father Andrew would be the first to belittle his position as an apostle of suffering in our community since his retirement from the pastorate of the Mariah Hill parish in 1945, but whatever else we may remember about him, we can never forget his Christlike resignation to pain during the last days of his life among us. His last week on earth was a real Holy Week . . . a continual sleepless agony. On Holy Saturday in company with another priest I visited Father Andrew at St. Mary's Hospital, Evansville. He was stretched out with his face partially turned toward the door: His only comment when asked how he felt were three words: "Suffer, suffer, suffer." Monday morning he called for the Holy Viaticum about nine o'clock; after receiving Our Lord he became quiet, and seemed to drift peacefully into the coma in which he passed away about noon. His last conscious gesture was to press my hand to his face about 10.45 A.M. He retained a grip on it until he drifted into

deep unconsciousness. There was no struggle while we said the prayers for the dying. His end was peaceful.

Father Andrew's full life began in the village of Waidhaus, Bavaria, Germany, where he was born March 13, 1871, the fifth of a family of eight children. After attending the parish school at Waidhaus, Melchior Bauer, as he was known then, studied for six years at the gymnasium (high school) at Amberg. October 2, 1889 Melchior entered the minor seminary at St. Meinrad,

Indiana as a student of fifth class.

He became Frater Novice Melchior when he received the Benedictine habit July 12, 1891. On July 17, 1892 he pronounced his simple vows and took the name of Andrew. He was ordained to the priesthood by Bishop Silas Chatard June 8, 1897. From the very first years of his priesthood Father Andrew became a master of ceremonies, a post which he held from 1897 until 1916. No one will ever forget Father Andrew's peculiar talent as a master of ceremonies, nor his stentorian directions to offenders in matters rubrical. One never felt resentful, but one felt taken completely by surprise. A zeal for what was rubrically correct burned within him, and sometimes exploded softly like a firecracker in a parlor. Few men can be rough-spoken and loved at the same time; Father Andrew could be, and was.

The confidence his superior had in him was evident when Father Andrew, two years after ordination was made master of choir novices and instructor of the fraters. He held this post from 1899 until 1907 when he was succeeded by Father Henry Brenner, O.S.B. Father Andrew's talents as a teacher were discovered even before he was ordained. He began to teach while he was a deacon. He continued to teach in the major and minor seminary up



Father Andrew, O.S.B.

until his appointment as pastor of Mariah Hill in 1916. The alumni will remember his classes in moral theology, canon law, catechetics, history, and pastoral theology. Even while he was pastor at Mariah Hill, Father Andrew was part of the seminary faculty. From 1930 until 1945 he came over to the seminary several times a week to teach pastoral theology. Father Andrew was pastor of the Church of Mary Help of Christians for twenty-nine years, from 1916 until 1945 when he retired to the abbey because of ill health. He celebrated his Golden Jubilee as a priest June 8, 1947 in the Abbey Church. Up until a couple of months ago, Father Andrew celebrated Mass almost daily, and during those precious moments the sacrifice of Calvary was relived even unto the agony of the celebrant.

We will miss Father Andrew very much. He was the kind of person who contributed much to the enjoyment of community life ... by his cheerfulness, his untranslatable German comments and asides during card games and in recreation. We will miss him especially because of his example of heroic patience. May he rest always in peace.

Father Celestine's Golden Jubilee

May 25th Father Celestine Sander, O.S.B. will be a priest fifty years. He is celebrating his sacerdotal golden jubilee at Marty, South Dakota where he has been stationed as missionary since 1943. As we go to press the plans for his celebration are not complete.

Kindly Father Celestine was born in Celestine, Indiana January 14, 1875 and received the name of John in baptism. One of a family of seven children, he grew up in the village of Celestine, and came to St. Meinrad as a student of First Latin September 2, 1888. He was invested as a Benedictine choir novice together with Joseph Coons (Fr. Chrysostom) and Wolfgang Fuchs (Fr. Louis) August 20, 1893. He pronounced his simple vows August 26, 1894 and was ordained to the priesthood by Bishop Maes of Covington May 25, 1899.

Most of Father Celestine's life was spent at St. Meinrad where he occupied a number of important posts. During the years from 1899 until 1914 he was professor in the minor seminary, prefect of the house, vestiarius, Brother Instructor, and guest master. From 1908 until 1931 Fr. Celestine was Subprior of the abbey. He succeeded Fr. Louis as pastor of St. Meinrad parish in 1916, a post which he retained until 1931. He served as chaplain at the convent in Ferdinand, Indiana from 1931 till 1936, and as pastor of the parish at Dale, Indiana from 1936 until he was assigned to St. Paul's Indian Mission at Marty, South Dakota in 1943. Father Celestine is known for his gentleness and kindness. We wish him many more fruitful years in Our Lord's service, knowing that wherever he is the compassion of Christ will find a merciful outlet. Father Celestine, ad multos annos!

Father Prior William to Rome

St. Meinrad Abbey's bond with the international Benedictine college of San Anselmo in Rome has been recently strengthened by the appointment of Father Prior William Walker as spiritual director of the young clerics at San Anselmo. To quote Father Prior: "The news came as a bolt out of the blue." We lose our dear Father Prior William, and San Anselmo gains a spiritual director, kindly, learned, and humble. When Father Polycarp Sherwood and Father Guy Ferarri return to Rome next Fall, San Anselmo will have three of St. Meinrad's priests within its walls; two of them, Fr. William and Fr. Polycarp as permanent members of their community. No one yet knows who the new Prior will be although some guesses have been made.

The New Saint Joseph Shrine

On Sunday May 29th the new shrine of Saint Joseph located about a mile from the abbey Southeast of Lake Denning, will be solemnly dedicated by Father Abbot. There will be a procession from the abbey to the site of the shrine where Fa-

ther Abbot will offer a Pontifical Field Mass and deliver the sermon on the occasion. The shrine will be open air, consisting of a huge "band shell" grotto. Within this grotto will be the eight foot statue of Saint Joseph and the Christ Child, carved by Brother Herman, O.S.B. On the outside in a semi-circular formation will be seats and kneelers for pilgrims. The shrine is being erected in honor of Saint Joseph, our Abbey "financier" whose intercession has been sought in reducing the abbey debt.

Going and Coming

May 4th, the Solemnity of St. Joseph, is always mission day at St. Meinrad's. It is a day for track meets and ball games, soda pop and mission pageants, songs, prayers and speeches. There was a change in the traditional track meet between the college and seminary athletes. This year, the youngsters in college held their own track meet. The contestants were divided into the Odds and the Evens. The Odds were First, Third, and Fifth Classes, and the Evens, Second, Fourth, and Sixth Classes. The track meet in the morning included the following events: 100 yard dash, 220 yard dash, shot-put, running broad-jump, high-jump, standing broad-jump, hop-skip-and-jump, 440 yard relay race, 880 yard run, and pole vault. There were no winners or losers. The Odds tied with the Evens. Everybody was happy. In the afternoon the Seminary engaged the college in softball, volley ball, handball and tennis. Results, Seminary won the softball game and the tennis match; the college boys were victors in the handball and volley ball games. The highlight of mission day was the address by the Rev. Vladimir Vonic, S.T.D., a priest of the Oriental Slavonic Rite. Thursday morning Father Vonic offered a low Mass in the Slavonic Rite in the abbey church. The boys were impressed with the time that it took, one hour and a half. Father Vonic gave a brief instruction on the Slavonic Rite after the Gospel. Ordinarily our Conventual High Mass and office

of Tierce and Sext require less than an hour.

Monday evening May 2nd the Seminary oratory contest was held in the minor seminary assembly hall. There were ten contestants; four of the speakers were Fraters. The first prize, a set of Woywood's Commentary on Canon Law, was won by Mr. Joseph Miller. Second prize went to the Rev. Norman White, and third prize to Frater George Lyons, O.S.B. The judges were Rev. James Shanahan of Tell City, Ind., Rev. Paul Ofer, of Floyd Knobs, Ind., and Fr. Walter, O.S.B.

May 4th was the day to clean up and repaint Camp Benedict on the Blue River. Rumor has it that fourteen Fathers went to Camp and not only enjoyed the outing, but did a

bang-up paint job on the boats and fence-posts.

The evening of May 5th at 7:45 Mr. John Haffert, authority and promoter of devotion in this country to Our Lady of Fatima, gave a lecture to the community on "Our Lady and the Conversion of Russia."

Our Ordinands of 1949

Beginning with the ordination of Rev. Troy Edward Russell April 25th at Wichita, Kansas, twenty-two ordinands will be raised to the priesthood by July 1st. For the diocese of Wichita, Rev. Troy Russell whose home is in Wichita; Fathers Fellner and Niemeyer of the diocese of Belleville; Reverends

Omer Meyer, John Foster, Raymond Schroering, and Joseph Steckler for the diocese of Evansville; Reverend William Stineman for the archdiocese of Indianapolis; Reverends Robert Birkel, Carl Biven, William Brennan, Thomas Clark, and John Lenahan for the archdiocese of Louisville; Reverend David Zau-meyer for the diocese of Covington; Reverend Norman White for the diocese of Dubuque; Reverends William Peil, Patrick Meehan, Milford Bell, Paul Hanyicska and Thomas Doriot for the diocese of Fort Wayne; Reverend Maurice Miller for the diocese of Lafayette; Reverend Andre Sharon for the diocese of Green Bay. To all of them a rich and fruitful harvest of souls. Ad multos annos.

A SMILE

A SMILE costs nothing, but gives much. It enriches those who receive, without making poorer those who give. It takes but a moment, but the memory of it sometimes lasts forever. None is so rich or mighty that he can get along without it, and none is so poor but that he can be made rich by it. A smile creates happiness in the home, fosters good will in business, and is the countersign of friendship. It brings rest to the weary, cheer to the discouraged, sunshine to the sad, and it is nature's best antidote for trouble. Yet it cannot be bought, begged, borrowed, or stolen, for it is something that is of no value to anyone until it is given away. Some people are too tired to give you a smile. Give them one of yours, as none needs a smile so much as he who has no more to give.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

IN CERTAIN secular quarters of late it has become the fad to make friendly gestures and kindly statements directed at the American Indian. There have been sporadic collections of clothing and foodstuffs for certain tribes and there has been a sudden rush to the "defense" of the people who have received shabby treatment by government authorities and others charged with supervision over the material affairs of the original Americans.

Ever since the discovery of America, the Indians on this continent have had a steadfast protector and benefactor in the Catholic Church. This Catholic interest in the Indian is not strange to a Church which has always demanded respect for basic human rights, regardless of race or condition and which has ever manifested a deep sympathy for the "underdog."

It is a matter of historical record that the Catholic Church came into the New World coincidental with its

discovery to spread the Faith among the Indians and to act as civilizer and defender of them. In this way, extensive and promising missions developed in the Southeastern and Southwestern portions of the country and along the Great Lakes and in the Mississippi Valley. However, warfare among the Colonial powers—Britain, France and Spain—and between the various Indian tribes themselves, destroyed these missionary endeavors. After the American Revolution, the Church tried with the meagre resources at its disposal in those early days of its history in this country to re-establish its work among the Indian tribes. Like most missionary activities, this work was discouragingly slow, but as time progressed and the seeds of faith began to take root, the Church had reason to be proud of its harvest among the Indian nations.

How well the Church has profited by its missionary activities among the American Indians may be seen

in the fact that the initial few hundred Indian Catholics which the Church was able to claim in the post-Revolution era has increased to a legion of a hundred thousand souls. And this has come about almost exclusively as a result of the self-sacrificing efforts of missionaries of various orders. Today Catholic missions flourish among tribes and on reservations in no fewer than twenty-one states and in Alaska.

The latest reports of the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions are also revealing. They show that of a total of 360,000 Indians and Eskimos in the United States and Alaska, approximately 100,000 are Catholics and this does not include an estimated 10,000 Catholic Indians living among the Whites in various parts of the country. On the eighty-one Indian reservations in the country, there are well over one hundred Catholic Mission Centers, about 400 Churches, with more than 200 missionary priests and more than 700 Sisters, lay brothers, scholastics, catechists and lay teachers active in Indian Mission work. A little more than seven thousand Indian students are enrolled in the 64 Mission Schools conducted on the various reservations.

Among the early missionaries who pioneered in the bringing of the true Faith to the Indians were many who won martyrdom because of the bitterness engendered among some of the more aggressive and tribe-conscious nations of Red Men. Converted tribes have been steadfast to the faith brought to them by the early missionaries and their successors, despite the dangers to their religious and temporal welfare occasioned by the advent of the white man.



Catholic Aid For The Vanishing American

T. J. McINERNEY

It is a regrettable, but nonetheless factual, matter that the assumption by the Federal Government of direction of Indian Affairs has been productive of little but misfortune for the Indians. The influence of the officials entrusted with the delicate task of keeping the tribes happy and progressive has been of little value to the interests and the rights of the involuntary wards. Through all this, the Indian has been able to look to the Catholic Church for friendship and has received it in full, in both spiritual and temporal matters. The chief instrumentality of the Church in providing aid to the Indian has been the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions, established in 1874 to be the Washington (D.C.) representative of both the Indians and the Missions operating on their behalf, and to enlist nation-wide support of the Missions' religious, charitable and educational work.

The Jesuits, Franciscans, and Benedictines were the outstanding pioneers in the Indian Mission field and they are still leaders in the great work. Jesuit Indian Missions have been established among the Eskimos and Tinnah Indians in Alaska; the Yakima, Colville, and Spokanes in Washington State; the Umatillas in Oregon; the Coeur d'Alenes and Nez Perces of Idaho; the Flatheads, Crows, Assiniboinis, Gros Ventres and Blackfeet in Montana; the Sioux in South Dakota; the Pottawatomis in Kansas and the Arapahos and Shoshoni in Wyoming.

The Franciscan Order is represented in the Indian Mission field by the work of the Fathers of the Sacred Heart Province among the Ottawas in Michigan, and the Menominees, Chippewas and the Stockbridges in Wisconsin. The Province of St. John the Baptist has missionaries working among the Pueblos of New Mexico, the Navajos of the same State and in Arizona, the Hopis of Arizona and the Utes of Colorado. The Capuchin Fathers of the Province of St. Joseph are active among the Northern Cheyenne Indians of Montana and the Fathers of the Irish Province are at work among the Pomo Indians of California.



Father Bernard A. Cullen, Director General of the Marquette League, with members of the Hopi, Arapahoe, Pueblo, and Navajo tribes.

Benedictine Missions are conducted among the Chippewas of Minnesota, the Sioux in North and South Dakota, the Comanches, Kiowa, Caddos, and Pottawatomis of Oklahoma, and many other tribes in various parts of the country. The Society of the Divine Savior has an Indian Mission at Grande Ronde, Oregon; the Fathers of the Sacred Heart are active among the South Dakota Sioux, and the Utes of Southern Colorado have the services of the Theatine Fathers. Diocesan priests in many places are also doing fine mission work among Indians in Maine, New York, Wisconsin, South Dakota, Michigan, Oklahoma, Mississippi, Louisiana, Arizona, California, Oregon, Montana and Washington State.

Missionary work among the American Indians is beset with many problems and difficulties. There are approximately two hundred different tribes, with varying customs and different languages.

As is the case with most domestic mission activities, the mission school is an effective aid to the missionary in bringing adults into the fold. There are 41 such day mission schools, with a total of about 3,500 pupils. Supplementing these are 26 boarding schools with some 3,600 students. The missionaries have made good use of these schools to educate and train young Indians in religion and in the other elements of education. One thing most of the American Indians of today have in common is a complete lack of in-

terest in any movement that would take them from their reservations. Consequently, they must be educated to lead useful lives within the boundaries of their tribal domains.

There are tribal reservations where the entire population is Catholic, but there are others which are partly pagan or Protestant. As previously noted, 100,000 out of the total Indian population of 360,000 are Catholics. It is estimated that another 100,000 belong to various Protestant sects, leaving 160,000 unchurched Indians to be won to the true faith in work that is of necessity missionary in character.

Although not a part of the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions, the forty-four-year-old Marquette League for Catholic Indian Missions, with headquarters in New York City, is one of the outstanding Indian mission-aid groups functioning today. The Marquette League owes its existence to the zeal of the Reverend Henry G. Ganss, D.D., who became interested in the work of Indian missions while pastor of a parish near Carlisle, Pennsylvania, at that time seat of the famous school for Indian youth.

While on a visit to New York City to form a laymen's club which was to help finance the various Indian Missions, Dr. Ganss was invited to lecture at a meeting of the St. Vincent de Paul Society. The men to whom the priest spoke that night were so moved by his recital of the religious and temporal needs of the Indians that they voted to organize a

club, which they called "The Marquette Indian Mission Club of New York," after the great Jesuit explorer and missionary, Father Jacques Marquette. On May 11, 1904, the club was incorporated under the laws of New York State as the Marquette League for Catholic Indian Missions. The headquarters of the League has always been in New York City and it has operated under the care and patronage of the successive Archbishops of that See.

Shortly after the inauguration of the League, Father Ganss made a trip to Rome and while there obtained the blessing and approbation of Pope Pius X on its work. Originally it was planned to operate the League through branches in various cities and approval for the forming of such branch units was obtained from forty Archbishops and Bishops for their respective jurisdictions. Branches were established in a number of cities, but none of them flourished and the expense and other problems of decentralization made the experiment short-lived. More and more the effort was centered in the New York headquarters. The League's present membership is in excess of 10,000 individuals.

At first, the officers of the League were all laymen, with Dr. Ganss acting in the capacity of advisor. He was assisted by the clergy connected with the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions in the nation's capitol. The Bureau, being in close touch with the Indian Missions and the clergy serving them, has always been in a position to help the League by laying before it the needs of the various mission stations and the most urgent appeals.

In 1917, at the suggestion of Archbishop John B. Pitaval of Santa Fe, New Mexico, the League decided to reorganize and to select a priest, not officially identified with the Catholic Indian Bureau, to act as Director General. Accordingly, in

that year, the late Monsignor William Quinn was chosen as the League's first Director General. He journeyed throughout the country, accompanied by groups of Indian children, and from the pulpit and lecture rostrum aroused interest in the Indian Missions of the country. He continued as Director General until 1924 when the Holy See appointed him National Director of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith.

Father William J. Flynn was selected as the successor to Father Quinn. Through his efforts the League, during his eleven-year tenure as Director General, was able to send more than \$750,000 to the country's Indian Missions and during the same period sixty chapels were constructed on various Indian reservations. In recognition of his efforts on behalf of the Indians, Pope Pius XI appointed Father Flynn a Domestic Prelate in 1931. Monsignor Flynn served the League until his death on December 29, 1936. The Reverend Bernard A. Cullen, a priest of the Archdiocese of New York, was appointed Administrator of the League by the late Cardinal Hayes and shortly after was elected Director General by the League's board of directors. During the past decade, the League has sent more than \$800,000 to the Indian Missions of this country and Alaska and has built more than fifty chapels during the same period.

In the Marquette League, the American Indian has had a staunch friend, exemplary of the Catholic Church's traditional friendship. Not only has it aided in the building of chapels, schools, and other buildings necessary for the progress and promotion of the Catholic religion among the Indians, but it has also paid in full or in part for the sustenance of many priests, Sisters and catechists, and sent innumerable boxes of clothing, vestments, ecclesi-

astical ornaments, sacred vessels and other equipment to them. It has endeavored to promote legislation that would aid the Indian and to oppose measures in Congress deemed detrimental to his welfare. The League has aimed at setting before the American Catholic people the fact that the Indian mission field in this country is second to none in importance and one where, because of the long record of injustice and exploitation of the Indian by the White man, both justice and charity demand a recompense.

The present slogan of the Marquette League is "Every Catholic Indian child in a Catholic Mission School."

"We realize that the Indian youth of today will be an important factor in the leadership of his people tomorrow," Father Cullen says. "Catholic education on the reservations is a problem, but we feel that the Indian, no longer the so-called 'vanishing American'—for latest statistics show him to be increasing in number—must be given his opportunity to receive the word of Christ and all effort to bring him a knowledge of the Catholic religion is a paramount duty."

The true temporal and spiritual welfare of these wards of the nation, their gradual preparation for the citizenship which should be their birthright, the support of national and state laws for their welfare and the reparation of the wrongs done them through a "century of dishonor"—these are the fundamental objectives of the Catholic Church in this country in its efforts to help the American Indian. These efforts, carried on unceasingly since the early days of the country, are in shining contrast to the overpublicized "Johnny-come-lately" efforts of secular interests who seemingly have just become conscious of the existence of the American Indian.

PARENTS ARE SO DUMB!

BY ANN ENGLISH

"THE trouble with parents is that they are parents," announced Jennie-Lee, jerking a purple clover from its stem and mashing it between rebellious fingers. "When they get to be parents they cease to mature. They land in a groove—like sheep." The resentment in the girl's otherwise nice blue eyes changed to pride as the brilliancy of her comparison penetrated full consciousness. She hadn't realized she was capable of such profound reasoning. Pretty she was, with loose coppery waves, translucent skin and a vibrant love of life, but intellectual—no! She didn't work at that. Fellows didn't like 'em too smart. But it was satisfying to know she could be deep. It added piquancy to one's personality. Like flavoring helped fudge.

"Yeah," agreed Bill who sprawled on the earth at her feet. He bit at a blade of grass, continued with little nervous dents until he reached the end, flung the limp green string aside. "They're all the same. And mine are like yours even if their religion is different. They think they know all the answers. Which is where they kid themselves and I don't mean maybe. The world moves and we gotta move with it. My folks got all steamed up because I divorced Wanda. Why shouldn't I? Wasn't she running around while I was in the army? What's a guy supposed to do? Like it? Not me. I got my pride."

"Of course you have," said Jennie-Lee soothingly, bending above him to tickle his nose with another clover. "That's what I like about you—you have a mind of your own. You make your own decisions. Even if it does mean

divorce. What's the difference? I'm a Catholic, but I think it's time the Church changed its attitude about divorce. Why everybody gets a divorce these days! The Church will just have to become modern."

"Now you're talking," grinned Bill, sitting upright to beam at her, restless impatient dark eyes temporarily warm and glowing.

Jennie-Lee tingled deliciously, acutely aware of the intimate possessiveness of that look. Bill was so cool and indifferent to others, so sweet and tender with her. How unkind of Hillsdale to say he was shrewd to the point of dishonesty, that he ignored bills. They were just jealous of his success. His electric repair shop was making money where other concerns were failing. Jennie-Lee's adoring glance swept over Bill, gaining conviction as it went. His forehead was so nice and smooth and broad; anybody with any sense knew the lines between his brows were caused by exposure to the sun. Nor were his lips tight; they were just firm. He wasn't too nicey-nice about his appearance; he was simply well-groomed. And she worshipped every single bit of his whole six-foot-three-inches. But what was he saying?

"Of course I don't belong to any religion at all," Bill jerked on in that quick nervous voice of his, condescendingly explanatory. "Me, I feel I can worship God anywhere. Out on this Country Club lawn, down town in my store. Or on a river bank while I'm fishing on Sunday. It don't make no difference where you are—God is everywhere. So you don't have to go to a gloomy church and get up and down when other people

do. That's hooley. Be yourself. Dare do as you please. It's the only way. Otherwise, you're like those sheep you mentioned."

Jennie-Lee choked on a sudden intake of breath. Kneeling in church hooley? She reached a swift hand to her throat, felt its chill crawl down her body sending goose-flesh along her skin. It was one thing for her to find fault with her Church, another for an outsider to strip it of all dignity. She opened her lips to defend, let them hang loosely as his next words penetrated her turbulent brain. "So," concluded Bill, his breath warm against her cheek, "I'm not worried about past mistakes. I'm marrying you!"

Jennie-Lee closed her eyes, let her head fall into the curve of his arm. Incapable of coherent reasoning her thoughts spun dizzily. "Don't don't!" commanded her conscience. "But you tingle pleasantly, don't you?" argued an insistent voice. "You're warm and alive. Give in. Why shouldn't he make love to you? What difference does a wife make? It's your life, isn't it? You can't help falling in love, can you?"

"Atta girl," grinned Bill, releasing her at last. "We've got a right to live. It's our lives."

Jennie-Lee lifted dazed eyes. Why that was exactly the way she felt. It seemed to make everything all right. It showed they were made for each other.

Bill caught at her hand, bent each separate finger, counted: "One, two, three, four, five. And each one for me. Am I the lucky guy?"

Jennie-Lee laughed shakily. "Are you ever!"

"Then it's a deal?"

The girl hesitated. Bill tightened his hold on her hand and warmth surged deeper. "It's—it's a deal!" she said. "But Bill," she asked, anxiety suddenly thinning her voice to a shrill F-sharp. "You—you won't consider me another 'mistake' will you?"

Bill frowned, then smiled reassuringly. "Don't be a jerk."

Jennie-Lee stood up, impatiently smoothed the wrinkles from her plaid skirt. Why had she shown jealousy? You didn't flaunt your anxiety like red flannels on a March clothesline. You kept a fellow guessing. "Because if you do," she said, straining for indifference, "it's okay with me."

"Says you," teased Bill.

Jennie-Lee smiled miserably. She'd certainly muffed that one. Why did anxiety have to push through?

WHEN Jennie-Lee opened the door of her own living room she saw that her mother sat sewing by the window and a swift feeling of guilt sent the blood to her cheeks. Why did Mother have to stare at her with those waiting eyes? The girl's glance faltered and fell, rested on her mother's hands. They were quiet, serene hands, a little too plump and square-tipped for beauty. "Mother," complained Jennie-Lee, trying to throw the older woman on the defensive, "why on earth don't you lacquer your nails? Like Mrs. Trevor. And Mrs. Casey. It makes you so—so bucolic to go about with unpainted nails."

"I can think of worse things than looking bucolic," laughed her mother. "I'm just not the glamorous type, dear. Besides, it seems rather silly to put on polish which will wash off in the dish pan. Did you have a good time? Was that Bill's car? Were you with Lucile? I thought I heard her voice."

"Yes, Mother. And Bob and Bette were along," the girl added, turning to go upstairs.

"Just a moment, dear," said Mrs. Malone without lifting her voice. "I think I've told you that I don't approve of Bill, dear. He isn't quite your level. And he is divorced."

"Mother! You're just being a snob. Bill is wonderful!"

"I'm not a snob, Jennie-Lee. I refer to Bill's mental and moral limitations." Mrs. Malone held up her husband's shirt, measured a sleeve, pinned it into place, threaded her needle and began to baste. Jennie-Lee glared without speaking. You just simply couldn't argue with parents once they'd set their minds. They were too dumb. "Jeff called," added Mrs. Malone after a little moment of silence.

"I don't care if he did. I wish you'd quit trying to cram him down my throat."

"That's too bad," equably. "He has a new car and he wondered if you'd care to go to Louisville."

Louisville! A whole seventy miles away and in a brand new car. "I—I'm not interested," wavered between loyalty to Bill and the desire to go to the city. "Jeff plods too much. I can't get all steamed up with enthusiasm for night school just because he has to work to support his mother during the day time. Besides, he's too short. His wife will be eternally shortening sleeves—like you." Bill was big and virile. No need to shorten his sleeves.

"His ideals are better than mere good looks."

"Phooey. I get sick and tired of such talk, Mother. It's possible to save your soul with good looks. You don't have to be short. And I'm tired of all your objections to divorce. There can't be much wrong with it when so many people get divorces. Besides, if my marriage to Bill shouldn't turn out well I could get a divorce, too!"

"And lose your soul, divorce or no divorce."

"Phooey again. I could have a death-bed repentance. My goodness, Mother, I'm young! I get

tired of being bound on the north, east, south, and west by restrictions. And I'll tell you one thing—I'll marry Bill if I have to run away to do it!"

Mrs. Malone made no reply, but her cheeks grew pink above her sewing and Jennie-Lee observed with surprise that her mother's fingers trembled and that blood oozed from a prick in her right forefinger. Quick tears burned the girl's eyes but she blinked them back. She didn't care. Surely you had a right to live your own life.

"I got a letter from your Uncle Thad today," said Mrs. Malone rising. "I think he's expecting you tomorrow morning."

"Whatever for?"

"It's the anniversary of your grandmother's death and I don't think I'd better go so far out into the country. There's still too much rag-weed. I'd probably have another attack of asthma."

"Can't he put flowers on her grave? Do I have to go?"

"Of course he'll put flowers on her grave, but I want to send some too. So I'm afraid I'll have to ask you to go, dear. Oh—there's the phone."

But Jennie-Lee was already across the room. "Oh—it's you, Jeff." Why couldn't it have been Bill? "Certainly it's Jennie-Lee... I sound funny? Ha, ha, in case I'm supposed to laugh... Jefferson Warner you take that back! I'm not a jerk!... No, I won't go to Louisville with you. Why should I? I don't pal with drips, so goodbye!" She dumped the instrument in its cradle, glared at her mother. "Why didn't you answer it?" she stormed. "You could have told him I wasn't at home. I don't know why he calls me when he knows I'm engaged to Bill."

"Perhaps it's because he knows you aren't engaged to Bill—since Bill seems to have a much alive wife."

Jennie-Lee's heart pounded achingly and blood hammered against her ear drums. She opened her lips to retaliate, choked on

her own saliva. Why was everyone against her? They were all cruel, cruel. Except Bill.

Jennie-Lee whirled blindly, knocked her elbow against the wall, cried out bitterly as pain shot through her arm. She stumbled toward the stairs, miserably aware of the cooling smoothness of the railing beneath her hot palm as she mounted the steps. She gained her room, flung herself upon the pink organdy covered bed, burrowed her dripping nose deep against a pillow, tasted the salt of her own tears as she gave way to a complete summary of her woes. No one understood her. Not a single solitary person—except Bill.

She shifted her position to escape the growing discomfort of a damp pillow, turned so that she might study the ceiling with dispassionate scrutiny. Mother didn't know what it was to be in love, she decided, her gaze outlining a silver wreath of roses overhead. My goodness, Mother was forty now; how could she remember what it was like to be young?

The girl flounced to her side, became aware of her mother's low voice at the telephone. Oh. Mother was talking to Uncle Thad. She must have called him, as the 'phone hadn't rung. "Thank you, Uncle Thaddeus," Mother was saying. "I knew you'd be able to cope with the situation. Good-bye."

What situation? wondered Jennie-Lee. A sale of fall apples probably. Or maybe new customers for eggs. Adults were always worried about such mundane things.

GREAT-UNCLE Thad was at the gate when Jennie-Lee crunched to a stop in the gravel driveway. "Hello, Uncle," she said without smiling. "Climb in," she said, holding the door open, but making no effort to get out. "Just dump your flowers back there with mine. We'll hurry to the cemetery before they wilt." (That she might get back to town to do her

hair in time for that date with Bill.)

The old man leaned heavily against the door, lunged into place beside her, bright blue eyes twinkling above open panting lips. Jennie-Lee studied him with unexpected compassion. Why he was old!

"Ain't as young as I used to be," he apologized.

She eyed him without speaking, tried to picture a Thaddeus Flynn whose hair wasn't gray, whose ears weren't enormous and bloodless, whose hands weren't big-veined and unsteady, glanced complacently at the slim useless hands on the wheel, sent the car ahead. It must be dreadful to be old, she thought with the detached sympathy of the adolescent, perfectly dreadful, she added as though age were a punishment somehow meted out to the erring and a catastrophe which could never come to her.

She stopped the car before the church, glanced at the little cemetery, gasped with growing interest. "Well—who railed the florist shop?" she demanded, nodding toward a withering blanket of flowers which rose and fell over many mounds of earth. "There must be thousands of dollars worth," she added, getting out to investigate.

"Them's old lady Nelson's—God have mercy on her soul."

Jennie-Lee frowned impatiently. "You don't sound very flattering," she said.

"Concerning Mrs. Nelson? And why should I be?"

"I always thought she was rather nice. She made marvelous molasses cookies for us kids."

"I reckon there's a lot of nice people and some pretty fair cooks crowding up hell. Not that I'm sending Mamie there. The Lord can take care of her."

"But she was a lovely person—so nice and plump and jolly."

"Sure she was lovely. But did you ever see her at Mass?"

"No. I don't believe I did."

"That's because she give all that up when she married Tom Nelson."

"Don't tell me he was divorced," sharply.

"Not that I know of. We didn't have much divorce them days. The world wasn't so modern. But even so, people liked to lead their own lives. They wouldn't be said by. And Mamie was young. That's why she found it easy to give up the Church when Tom Nelson refused to be married by a priest. Sometimes when you're young you get ideas—you can't look ahead. You think the present is all that matters. Most of us is like that at some time or other when we're young. And Mamie was no different from the rest. She didn't think she'd ever be old—or dead." The man knocked a dry clod of earth from the path with his cane, shuffled toward the new grave. "I guess she knows now, though."

"Didn't—didn't she come back to the Church before she died?" asked Jennie-Lee shuddering. She'd intended to have a death-bed repentance.

"People who've done without God during life ain't too likely to feel the need of Him when they die. And Mamie sure done without while she was alive." Uncle Thad lifted a wilted spray of gardenias on his cane, eyed it with scorn. "Mamie liked what that stands for—money! Well, there's plenty of it scattered on the ground. But it ain't helping her now."

"But I still say she was nice," persisted Jennie-Lee.

"Who said she wasn't? The first generation to try living without God is pretty well supported by habit and tradition. But the second generation ain't so bound by restriction and it slips pretty fast. By the time the third generation arrives you get a mighty accurate picture of what life without God can do to a body. With no tradition, no rules, no conscience, that poor third generation ain't got any more chance than a drowning kitten in the middle of

the Ohio river in flood time." The man picked up a rose, sniffed it, tossed it aside, gasping with the exertion of stooping. "Take poor Mamie there. She had the makings of a fine woman. Her sons were right nice for the most part. But they had their weaknesses, too. One was president of the bank—"

"I remember him. He was Thalia Nelson's father. The famous movie star. Was she here? Did she come?"

"No. The papers said something about her being on location. She sent that blanket of orchids though. Musta cost plenty. Besides, I hear she was too busy getting a fourth husband. There's a lot of good people in the movies, but we all know that such a life is more subject to temptation. You sure have to have a lot of religion and will power if you come through with flying colors. Thalia didn't have the stamina. She hadn't been brought up that way."

Jennie-Lee swallowed hard. Four husbands. "She had a brother Jack. Was—was he here?"

"Jack? Hadn't you heard? Jack was cashier in his father's bank. When examiners came unexpectedly Jack blew his brains out."

Jennie-Lee shuddered, frowned at a nearby maple. Why did that dove have to keep calling in such a ghoulish manner? "What about Karen? The younger sister?"

Uncle Thad took a twist of tobacco from his pocket, bit off a piece, spat dry fragments from his lip, chewed reflectively. "Lemme see, now. Oh, yes. I recollect. Karen's an alcoholic. Been in some hospital up north. She married a duke the last time and he almost knocked an eye out for her when he discovered she didn't have as much money as he'd expected."

The dove called again gently, plaintively and a small rush of wind chilled Jennie-Lee's tense body. Somewhere down there beneath the clouds and drying flowers lay Mrs. Nelson. Mrs. Nelson whose waywardness had caused

all this. "They say her coffin cost three thousand dollars," droned Uncle Thad's voice. Three thousand dollars. What good did that do her now? wondered Jennie-Lee. "Mamie's other grandson, Bob Nelson wasn't here either," continued Uncle Thad. "He was cooling his heels in some Federal prison. He was a general, you know, and got involved in some kind of scandal. Mamie's been so proud of him, too, on account of his being so young to be a general."

The warm sweet scent of dying tube roses drifted up from the earth and Jennie-Lee turned aside nauseated by the sudden leaping of her stomach. "Let's hurry and put our flowers on Grandmother's grave and get out of here," she said thickly.

"But I haven't told you all about the flowers yet. A special plane flew in from Hollywood—"

"I don't want to hear about them," wailed Jennie-Lee. "I'm sick of the sound of Mamie Nelson's people. Why did she get into a fix like that? Why didn't she use her brains?"

"They kinda think she did right at the last. The nun at the hospital said she clutched a rosary. That's why they let her be buried here, but they drove right past the church and she was buried without Mass. Now your grandmother didn't have to sneak in because of a family lot and possible sorrow for any of her little sins. She belongs here."

But Jennie-Lee didn't hear. She was thinking about Bill who felt her religion was "hokey." If she married him would she end like old Mrs. Nelson? Would her descendants be degenerates, or sophisticated sinners? Could it be that Bill's mouth was selfish? Hadn't he been callous when he referred to his first wife as a "mistake?" Hadn't he once loved his wife? Jennie-Lee's teeth chattered and she bit down hard to steady them. Well, she didn't intend to be his second mistake. How revolting! She might not die

for years but when she did it would certainly be with all the blessings of the Church. She held her fist to her nose to shut out the scent of sun-warmed flowers. To the heck with Bill Wells! He was too smooth. Why, he wasn't worth the soles of Jeff's flat feet. Jeff might bawl her out when he thought she was being a square, but he never forgot her birthday. And he'd never consider her a mistake! Jeff didn't go back on his word and pretend he'd forgotten. You could trust Jeff.

"Care to stop by the house a while?" asked Uncle Thad as they got into the car. "I've got a batch of honey and Mrs. Burger'll make us some biscuits."

"No, thank you. I've got to hurry back to town." To tell Jeff she'd been a moron and that she'd go to Louisville with him.

"Well," drawled Uncle Thad as he got out of the car a little later, "tell your Ma everything is all right."

All right? wondered Jennie-Lee without speaking. Oh. The apples. Or the eggs or whatever it was grownups worried about.

Uncle Thad's blue eyes twinkled. "You'll do," he said.

Unaccountably, Jennie-Lee felt suddenly warm and content. "Why thank you," she said. It wasn't often that grownups seemed to approve of her.

As she turned the car in the driveway and went past the gate the girl's eyes suddenly narrowed with understanding. Mother hadn't been so dumb after all! Parents weren't stupid. They knew they had to lead you sometimes. Otherwise you'd end being a Mamie Nelson! What a dodo she'd been not to realize that before. Eggs and apples indeed! Why Mother'd cooked up this whole trip to bring her to her senses! The girl shot the car ahead, sped down the highway. What a wonderful mother she had! Not a grumpy one, but a sweet wise one. She couldn't wait to tell Mother so.

The Christ-Bearer

Ruth Oswald

MOST Catholics and many non-Catholics refuse to consider a new car complete until a St. Christopher Medal is mounted in it.

Many aviators refuse to take to the air without a medal of St. Christopher in their possession. Many ex-G.I.'s of the Air Corps remember gratefully instances when the good saint came to their aid when their plane was shot up under them in some mission or other and yet returned them to the airport on a wing, a prayer and a St. Christopher Medal.

These incidents and the faith of the public in St. Christopher bring questions to mind. Who was St. Christopher? What did he do? Why has he been chosen as the patron of transportation? The answer goes back to the days when Christianity was young and the pagan Reprobis was the biggest man in his country. He stood twelve cubits high, which was "a right grete stature," according to the chroniclers.

A man of such great proportions could not be satisfied with performing just ordinary tasks. Having a noble character in addition to his strength he wanted to do great things with his strength. He resolved to dedicate his strength to the service of the mightiest monarch on the earth. After a careful search he found the monarch whom he considered the greatest of earth's rulers, volunteered his services and was gladly accepted.

One day a strolling minstrel visited the court and entertained the king by singing songs. In one of the songs the name of Satan was mentioned. The king, being a Christian, blessed himself. The pagan giant Reprobis asked the king why he had made such a gesture at the mention of Satan's name. The king confessed that he blessed himself in order to save himself from the machinations of the devil, who was an evil spirit.

Reprobis said in disappointment, "I have been deceived indeed, Sire. I thought you were the mightiest monarch on the earth, but inasmuch as you fear the devil he must be mightier than you. I must go and be his vassal."

Reprobis wandered for many days seeking the habitation of Satan. One day a stranger confronted

him in the wilderness and asked him the cause of his travels. When Reprobis explained, the stranger said, "You need travel no longer my man, for I am he whom you seek." Glad that he had at last found the object of his search, Reprobis settled down to serve the devil with his strength.

One day the two were out riding together. Satan spied a wayside cross, shivered and turned his conveyance into a thick wilderness instead of following the road. Reprobis was puzzled and asked why the wooden object has affected him so much. Satan replied that Christ was an ancient enemy of his and had vanquished him by means of the cross; therefore every time he saw a cross he fled from it.

"Then this Christ must be mightier than you," Reprobis charged. "I will go to Him and have Him as my King."

The search of Reprobis for God was not an easy one. He was wondering when he would ever find the object of his search. He had wandered far when he suddenly came upon an old hermit in the desert who preached to him of Jesus Christ. "I wish to accept Him as my King," Reprobis told the hermit.

"The King demands that they who serve Him must fast often," the hermit advised.

"I will do no such thing," Reprobis replied, "for I would lose my strength thereby and that I will not do."

The hermit relented and suggested instead, "Every morning when you awake you must spend time in prayer."

"I will do no such thing," Reprobis contradicted. "It is my strength which I wish to place at the command of my King, and not words."

The hermit was finding the new acolyte something of a problem. He would have to think of something he could do with his magnificent strength. He pondered awhile, then looking up said, "I know the service for you. Know you a certain river in which many perish?"

Reprobis replied that he knew the river well enough.

"Then abide by the foaming torrent and carry all comers across. Service to man is service to God thy King."

That task was more to the liking of Reprobis. He built a hut on the bank of the river and night and day bore across all who wanted to cross. Many were the lives he saved by his service.

One night when he was sleeping he was awakened by the crying of a child who was saying, "Come out, good sir, and bear me across the stream."

Reprobis sprang from his couch at the call of duty and went into the night. He searched the river bank but could not find the child. He concluded that he had been dreaming and returned to his hut. The same thing happened a second time and a third time. On the third occasion Reprobis went to the river's edge and there he saw a small child who asked to be drawn across the waters.

Reprobis lifted the little lad to his shoulders and plunged into the stream. The current became swifter and the water roared higher while the Child grew heavier and heavier. Reprobis had a terrible time trying to reach the opposite shore. When he had reached it and deposited his young charge safely on the other side he protested vigorously, "Child, thou put me in great peril. Thou wast almost as though I had the whole world on my shoulders."

The Child replied, "Marvel not, for thou hast borne upon thy shoulders Him that created the world. I am Jesus Christ, the King Whom thou servest in thy work, and so thou knowest that what I say is true, put thy staff into the earth and in the morning it shall bear flowers and fruit. Also from this night on thy name will be Christopher, in place of Reprobis for you have borne the Christ-child."

Christopher was amazed. He rammed his staff into the ground and waited until morning. In spite of himself he dozed a little during which time the Child departed. To his amazement he found that his staff was full of flowers and fruit as the Child had predicted. He was so amazed with joy at this divine recognition that he hurried into the city of Lycia to serve his new Master more fully by serving those who loved Him. In the city however he found that he was unable to speak the language of the place. Dropping to his knees in the streets he begged for the gift of tongues and received it instantly. He then hurried to the prison where many Christian martyrs were awaiting execution. Christopher was a great comfort to them during their last hours.

For his work among the Christians, Christopher was taken into custody himself, buffeted by the soldiers and struck in the face by the judge. "Were I not a Christian I would avenge my injury," he said. Instead of seeking personal satisfaction he stuck his staff into the earth and prayed for a miracle. Immediately the staff burst into flower. The result of the miracle was astounding. Eight thousand men were converted in the city because of it and Christopher's preachment.

When the king heard of what was taking place he ordered that Christopher be arrested and brought before him. His captors bound him hand and foot. In spite of his bond the king fainted at sight of him, but as soon as he realized he was bound too securely to cause him any injury he demanded, "Who are you?"

"My name was Reprobis," replied the prisoner, "But now that I am a Christian I am Christopher."

"You are a great fool to take the name of one crucified," the king retorted. "Unless you do sacrifice to the gods I will destroy you."

"I will not do sacrifice to the gods," Christopher replied calmly. He was then taken to prison and tortured, but no matter to what lengths of cruelty his captors went Christopher remained unhurt. The king became enraged and ordered that Christopher be fastened to a tree and shot at by the archers. Every arrow missed its target. One of them glanced off the tree and hit the king in the eye, blinding him.

Christopher was filled with pity at the king's accident and suffering. He promised him, "When I die this morning temper a little clay with my blood and anoint thy wound and thou wilt be healed."

At length Christopher expired when he was beheaded. The king tested out Christopher's promise immediately. He followed instructions and his eyesight was restored. The miracle softened him so greatly that he became converted on the spot.

The story of how Christopher carried the Christ-child across the stream has led to the saint's being called "The Christ-bearer." That was a long time ago but to this day travellers have great faith in Christopher and invoke his aid by prayer and by wearing his medal.

St. Christopher is very popular in Christian art. He may be seen in the picture of Joachim de Patinis in the National Gallery and he is also on one of the panels on the tomb of Henry VII at Westminster Abbey. He may always be recognized from his bearing a little Child on his shoulders. Often in addition he has a bough of a tree in his hand, representing his miraculous staff.

Our Reading Room

With Communism sweeping the world and pernicious propaganda flooding our mails, may I call the attention of your readers to a simple and effective way to defeat the forces of infidelity and to bring fair-minded people into the Church.

We have prepared a special list of ten pamphlets which we mail out, one each week for ten weeks, to any name that is submitted to us. A friendly note accompanies the first pamphlet, stating that this literature is coming to them with the compliments of a friend and inviting them to communicate with us regarding any question of a religious nature that they would like to have answered. The name of the sender is not mentioned unless he expressly wishes it. The titles of the ten pamphlets in the series are: "God, Christ, Man, Mary, What about the Bible, Church or Churches, What is the Catholic Church, After Death—What, Visiting a Catholic Church, and Prayers." Each pamphlet is approximately 32 pages in length.

Thousands have made use of this service with happy results. It is a fine way to befriend your non-Catholic friends and neighbors. Total cost for this service is \$1.00 for each name submitted; six names for \$5.00. Send your names to: Father Richard Felix, O.S.B., Benet Lake, Wisconsin.

FORTY YEARS AFTER—Pius XI and the Social Order—by Raymond J. Miller, C.Ss.R. Radio Replies Press. St. Paul, Minn.

In the closing decade of the last century when the industrial revolu-

tion had the world spinning and the communist upraised fist and hammer were forging the iron curtain upon the masses, whom the "opiate" of religion had lulled, the frail Leo XIII thundered forth from the Vatican with the remedy for the economic ills of his time. His memorable encyclical "On the Condition of the Laboring Man," the answer to the charge that the Church did not care for the laborer, was issued in 1891 and set forth the Christian solution to the industrial problems of the time. Unhappily those who clamored the loudest for such a document were deaf to its appeal.

Forty years later when the world was in the clutches of the greatest depression it had ever known, Pius XI issued an anniversary document, the "Reconstruction of the Social Order," reiterating and proposing a practical application of the eternal principles enunciated by Leo XIII.

Father Raymond Miller, a Redemptorist, must have become immediately interested in the 1931 encyclical of Pius XI, for he completed in 1946 his commentary upon it, which commentary had taken, he tells us in the introduction of his book, fifteen years. Father Miller proposed to himself the task of writing a commentary on Pius XI's encyclical, sacrificing literary unity for the sake of clarity. Consequently he adopted for the work a straightforward textual explanation, paragraph by paragraph.

It was evident that the Pope, writing for the world and for all classes, could name no one in par-

ticular but was necessarily content with expressing principles. Father Miller gives specific interpretations to the generalizations. He has named those to whom the Pope refers; he has supplemented the historical references with specific facts; he has mentioned by name those whose progress the Pontiff compliments and whose errors he rebukes. The author has, in short adapted the generalities of the encyclical to specific cases and has applied it to the United States in particular, showing how much of the social legislation following the depression was nothing more than the realization of what Leo XIII and Pius XI had urged. This historical data is welcome news to those who defend the Church as the friend of the laboring man and gives the Catholic apologist in the economic field a tangible instrument with which to defend himself against the argument that the Church was idle while Marxists were trying to help the working man. Father Miller supplements his textual commentary with a bibliography for further reading on the subject dealt with in each section of the encyclical. He devotes quite lengthy treatment to the subjects of property, capital and labor, and the "isms" which proposed solution to the economic ills.

From the length of time spent in the production of the work and from the makeup one would understand that it is not a book that is to be read at one sitting. The divisions into paragraphs, the numerous cross references, and the allusions to other works on the subject at hand

might make the book heavy. However, these very features which might deter the cursory reader will be welcomed by the student of economics and by the discussion club.

The work is a credit to its author and a blessing to the Catholic economist. It is as practical and as pointed as the encyclical upon which it comments. —*Ralph Lynch, O.S.B.*

FATHER DOMINIC BARBERI by Denis Gwynn; Desmond & Stapleton, Buffalo, \$3.00.

Much has been written about Cardinal Newman, the brilliant English convert, whose entry into the Church spearheaded the Oxford movement, but not much attention has been given to the obscure Passionist priest who received his profession of faith. And yet this little-known religious played a definite part in the conversion of Newman.

The story goes back before the actual conversion. Father Dominic Barberi, an Italian Passionist, whose life work apparently lay in his native country, became interested in the conversion of England. For years he prayed for and talked about English Missionary work. With the zeal of a saint he persisted in this seemingly odd interest, until in God's own time he was sent to the country of his dreams.

God's ways are certainly wonderful. Father Dominic, without any wire-pulling, was appointed to a task that was very obviously the answer to prayer. He obeyed the call and not only converted many to the true fold but was the providential instrument in receiving into the Church the most renowned of all the notable English converts at that time, Cardinal Newman himself.

Father Dominic's biography reads like a piece of fiction, so strange are the incidents that make up his varied and active career. We can account for this novel life only by the fact that God's ways are above the ways of men.

With this key we can unlock the door to the mystery of the Italian's strange part in the conversion of the great Englishman.

The story is well written by the

veteran Denis Gwynn and makes excellent reading for intelligent laymen, priests, and religious.

—*Maurus Ohligslager, O.S.B.*

THE SPIRIT OF ST. BENEDICT.

By Basil N. Aldridge, Oblate, O.S.B. St. John's Abbey Press, Collegeville, Minn. Paper, 65¢

In the Christian struggle against the plague of secularism, the Rule which St. Benedict wrote for monks can be a guide for lay people as well. Basil N. Aldridge, English Benedictine Oblate, points out the ways in which the Rule can be adapted to those outside the monastery. THE SPIRIT OF ST. BENEDICT is a commentary on the Rule which constantly emphasizes the fact that the faithful Benedictine Oblate, or simply the faithful Christian, will find himself always opposed to the spirit of secularism dominating the world in which he lives, works and prays. "He will have to act quite contrary to the prevailing lack of principles. He will have to be diligent and seek perfection in detail where so many are lazy and prefunctory; he will have to be silent and concentrated where others gossip and dissipate their energies; he will continue working when others seek frequent excuses for idling; he will have to be the craftsman, the skilled laborer, when others are dilettantes, mere custodians of machines" (p. vii).

In his commentary the author groups certain chapters of the Rule pertaining to the same or similar topics, but only if the chapters occur successively. Thus the booklet can be read with profit by one who is making a practice of daily reading of the Rule as in the monasteries. The commentary explains briefly what St. Benedict's prescriptions mean for the monks, and points out certain applications for the Oblate in his relations with his monastery; but mainly the applications concern the situations in the life of the Oblate or of any Catholic which are parallel to those found within the monastery. For example, the chapters referring to the abbot, the prior and the cellarer can be applied to anyone in authority; the chapters on

silence, humility, discipline, poverty, labor likewise have their meaning outside of the cloister.

This booklet, like the Rule itself, does not pretend to lay down a complete program of conduct, but only suggests the minimum that must be done to break away from the secularism which is stifling the Christianity of our age.

EXISTENCE AND THE EXIS-

TENT. By Jacques Maritain.

Translated by Lewis Galantiere and Gerald B. Phelan. Pantheon. \$3.00.

The term *Existentialism* is used wrongly enough to designate the philosophy of the absurd developed and propounded by Jean Paul Sartre. The term rightly belongs to the *Philosophia perennis* which is and always has been a philosophy of existence. Thomistic philosophy is a philosophy of being, and the concept of existence cannot be divorced from the absolutely primary concept of being. As the author points out in speaking of the existentialism of St. Thomas, he "is merely reclaiming his own, recapturing from present day fashion an article of whose worth that fashion itself is unaware."

The writings of Jacques Maritain, the outstanding Thomist of our day, do not make light reading. This book is no exception. However, philosophers and students of philosophy do well to look to Jacques Maritain for a Christian answer to modern pessimistic (because atheistic) existentialism. In this book Maritain gives the answer, pointing to true existentialism, the rational philosophy of being, a philosophy of joy that leads to the summit of reality, to the "day when the subsistent Act of existing shall give Itself in vision." —*Adelbert Buscher, O.S.B.*

JOAN OF ARC. Text and pictures from the screen play of Maxwell Anderson and Andrew Solt. Wm. Sloane Associates, 119 W. 57th St., New York 19, N. Y. \$2.95.

This most unusual "picture book" offers eighty-five full-page reproductions from that most unusual motion picture of the same name. The text

(on the left hand pages), directly from the screen play and as a rule very brief, affords a sufficient thread of continuity for the already familiar story. All in all, however, the pictures (on the right hand pages) speak far more eloquently of the drama contained in this amazing contemporary presentation of the saintly heroine.

A "picture book" is always fascinating. One so beautifully done as this, and dealing as it does with the glorious history of the "Maid of Orleans," who is so admirably portrayed by the star of the movie and of this book, Ingrid Bergman, is doubly fascinating. Perhaps photographers will pick flaws in some of the reproductions. Only one or the other cut may seem ill chosen to the average peruser because of the blurred effect—though the blur seems intentional and quite effective in the battle scenes. The reproductions are not done in color plates. The front board cover of the book bears a handsome color plate of Joan in full armor mounted for battle.

As a whole this is an enjoyable book and likewise an excellent, modern life of a saint to be kept permanently on the family reading shelf for the perusal of young and old.

SCOTT-KING'S MODERN EUROPE. A novel by Evelyn Waugh. 89 pages. \$2.00. Little, Brown, and Company. 34 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

The old truism has it, "Them what can, writes; them what can't, reviews." This may perhaps be thrown in our face when we endeavor to criticize Mr. Waugh's latest book, which is far below his standards. Nevertheless, here is the book, and may it have a speedy and happy death. Mr. Waugh's reputation does not deserve such punishment as that this type of work should be remembered and held against him. Despite our personal admiration for a man who wields so potent a pen, the facts remain; the book is not good.

Scott-King is a trivial unimportant work about a school master, typically English, typically sedate, typically settled, who invades Neu-

tralia, a nation celebrating the tercentenary of an obscure poet named Bellorius. *Scott-King* spends eighty-nine pages with the Bellorius convention, avoiding a congress of female athletes, another of philatelists, and innumerable spies. For some reason not made clear he is unable to leave as he entered, and is therefore forced to escape disguised as an Ursuline nun. This is the story—really little more than a glorified short story; in any case not a novel.

It is this reviewer's prayer that *Scott-King* does not presage a waning of Mr. Waugh's potency; rather may the slightly insipid and completely unimportant slip of the pen merely be an interlude, a something to fill the space that must elapse between greats. At least, in considering the numerous tributes that are to be given to Mr. Waugh for his general work, we can be fairly sure that *Scott-King* is simply a case-in-point for those who would like to illustrate the line referring to Homer nodding. He will wake (may it soon happen) and when he does, his genius will astound us. But for the present there is no proof of that genius in *Scott-King*.

Even the noted Waughian satire is weak here. The book is little more than a portrait of a man beating a dead dog. The subject of diplomatic circles and foreign entanglements has been pricked so often, even by Waugh himself, that he cannot claim the honor of originality here. But it is better not to go on. Every one slips once in a while. This was Mr. Waugh's first, and we hope last, slip. It can be forgiven.

—Joseph Miller.

ADVENIAT REGNUM TUUM. St. Francis Major Seminary, Milwaukee, Wisconsin. \$1.00.

This pamphlet deals with the proceedings of the First National Congress for Priests on the Enthronement of the Sacred Heart in the Home. It is made up of a series of talks and sermons delivered at the convention. The importance of the subject treated warrants interest in the pamphlet by all, for the various conferences reported all stress the necessity of subjection to the reign

of the Sacred Heart, and the glorious reign that should be His in the homes of all Catholics.

FATHER DAMIEN: APOSTLE TO THE LEPERS. By the Most Reverend Amleto Giovanni Cicognanni. Fathers of the Sacred Heart, 4930 South Dakota Avenue, N.E., Washington, D. C. 50¢.

This pamphlet is on the life and character of Father Damien, the famous priest who devoted his life to the service of the lepers. Written because of the admiration of the author, the Apostolic Delegate to the United States, for the humble and zealous missionary, it makes an inspirational study for those who admire heroism without heroics. Profusely illustrated, and clear in style, the booklet should not be overlooked.

THE HOLY BIBLE. New Catholic Edition. Catholic Book Publishing Company.

This edition of the Bible, made up of the Douay translation of the Old Testament and the Confraternity New Testament has innumerable advantages over all previous editions of the complete Bible. The print is clear, the pages are marked in the upper corners to inform the reader as to the book and chapter on the page, new introductions have been furnished for all the books, the format of print has been changed so that thoughts are arranged in paragraph form rather than the old verse form, footnotes are simplified, logical plans that can be easily followed are offered for reading scripture, the illustrations by Gustave Doré are powerful. The various bindings and accessories enable one to pick a bible at any price from \$4.20 to \$50.00, depending on taste.

Yet, though this bible possesses all the advantages that any bible using the Douay Old Testament could boast, there is still one major objection to it. Why did the publishers issue it now, when they could have waited a few short years and given a truly authoritative edition using the complete Confraternity translation, which will soon be ready? No matter how one modernizes and re-

vamps the spellings and the dates, the translation made by Bishop Challoner over 350 years ago is definitely out of date; it is unreliable, it does not give the true meaning of the original words. It has been in use for three and a half centuries, and is almost unintelligible to most people; the new edition helps a bit, but not enough to give itself reason for existence.

One point strongly in favor of the "New Catholic Edition," as it is called, is the fact that the publishers have at least discarded the old, weak translation of the Psalms, offering instead a new translation from the Pius XII Psalter, which is most welcome. Yet even this does not save the work from the strong disadvantage of being a conglomeration of various and mutually independent translations which bear no relation to one another.

Lest, however, this review be construed as no more than a condemnation, let us again stress that our objection is not to the work as published, but to the things omitted. Had the publishers waited, they could have presented the world with a Confraternity Bible, which would have been the most important addition to world learning and spirituality since the Vulgate appeared fifteen centuries ago; as the facts stand, they have given us an edition which surpasses all previous editions of the Douay Bible, but which does not add to the sum total of our Scriptural treasures. The book can be obtained in any Book or Religious Goods store, but is not important enough, in view of things to come, to warrant purchasing it. J. M.

THE HOLY BIBLE: THE BOOK OF GENESIS. The Confraternity of Christian Doctrine. St. Anthony Guild Press, Paterson, New Jersey. \$1.00.

Here we have the first taste of what is to come. If the world is slowly being made Scripture-conscious by the numerous editions of the Word of God appearing continually, it will surely come to love this first touch of the coming translation of the Old Testament. If we can judge from what we have seen,

then we may prophesy that the work will not only be as readable and intelligible as was the New Testament, but that it will also be a scholarly work, presenting the original meanings of many sections of the Old Testament for the first time.

Among the notable beauties of this work are its new wording for the promise of the coming Redeemer in 3:15, its modernized spelling of names, its new and scientifically accurate footnotes, and especially its clarity and simplicity. It is surely to be welcomed gratefully, and when we read it, we must again ask, why did the Catholic Book Publishing Company not wait for this and the rest of the Old Testament before issuing its "New Catholic Edition of the Bible?" —J.M.

Pamphlets

Pray Like That? adapted from the French of J. Robert Charette. Prayers before and after Communion including the Fatima prayers. A valuable and varied collection of prayers by Chanoine J. Bouchat, different for each day of the week. Included is a short Way of the Cross. 25¢. Order from J. R. Charette, 1068 Erie St., Windsor, Ontario.

How to be a Good Parishioner. By D. J. Corrigan, S.S.R. Liguorian Pamphlet Office, Liguori, Missouri. Price 10¢. While short, this pamphlet covers all the points a layman wants to know. It is a kind of one-lesson course in pastoral relations from the parishioners' point of view. Directions are included for arranging for funerals, weddings, baptisms, school problems, etc.

The Monthly Spiritual Review. By Father Lawrence G. Lovasik, S.V.D. 15¢. Catechetical Guild Educational Society, St. Paul Minn. So much is accomplished through an annual spiritual retreat, but how long does this religious fervor stay with you? Realizing that for true spiritual progress a retreat must be renewed, Father Lovasik has designed this new booklet to help you make your own private spiritual retreat.

How to be Pure. By Rev. D. F.

Miller, C.Ss.R., 5¢. The Liguorian Pamphlet Office, Liguori, Missouri. This is a brief instruction on the dangers to holy purity and a caution to avoid the occasion of sin.

Bride and Groom. By Rev. C. M. Winters, 15¢. McGough and Son Co., Grand Rapids 2, Michigan. A very short instruction for those being married, this pamphlet serves to sum up what is given to the couple in the pre-marriage instructions regarding their obligations and their rights. The pamphlet is in its sixth edition.

A Sincere Protestant. By J. H. Golden. 6¢. The Conventual Press, Box 66, Detroit 10, Michigan. The title of this little pamphlet does not reveal anything of its contents. It is an explanation for non-Catholics, as a Catholic would give it, for our devotion to the Mother of God. It answers briefly two questions: Why do we have altars in honor of Mary? Why do we pray to Mary? (May be ordered from the author, Rev. J. H. Golden, Eagle Butte, South Dakota.)

Vatican Postage Stamps

Since the settlement of the Roman Question under Pope Pius XI, the Vatican has resumed the very old practice of issuing its own money and its own postage stamps. Philatelists glory in the beauty and religious meaning of these stamps. Not many have correspondence with any one in the Vatican and depend on stamp dealers to furnish them with the new issues as released. A rather complete set of these stamps can be obtained through N. Kauffmann-Grinstead, 535 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. From the same address is available a portrait of the late Pope Pius XI with stamps issued after his death and before the election of his successor. Across the face of these stamps is printed "Sede vacante," (While the Holy See was vacant) The portrait and stamps of that issue are available for one dollar while they last. From the same address are available a number of Papal coins issued partly after 1929, partly by the Papal State around 1860, and some by former Popes in earlier centuries. A few rare Papal seals from Papal bulls are also available.

Images of Love

CHARLANE SMITH

AS the last mellow rays of the afternoon's sun give their place in the sky to the oncoming twilight, is there a better way to view it than on your knees before your home shrine?

The upturned faces of the children, touched by drowsiness at the close of the day, know the beauty of the moment is given to them by their Creator. Mother and Dad raise their hearts to Him as they bow their heads.

The Sacred Heart, Our Lady, Saint Joseph and your favorite Saint are clustered about the crucifix on the table. As the family kneels, it seems that the Divine Hands extend in benediction and the smiles of the saints become a little sweeter.

No Catholic home should be deprived of the privilege of having a home shrine. You just can't beat the smile on the children's faces as they tenderly place their flowers there. What does it matter if the blossoms are withered by the damp clutching of small, grimy hands? Bet Our Lady doesn't mind a bit.

When a shrine is near, it's so easy to drop to your knees in a momentary pause of thanksgiving for some unexpected favor or joy. It's equally simple when everything goes wrong, and weeping seems like a fine idea, to kneel and pray for help and strength. The shrine reminds us God is ever near and His dear friends, the saints, are constantly pleading before Him for our intentions.

Amidst the confusion of modern homes with radios blaring and telephones jangling, it is comforting to seek peace and quiet before your own private shrine. Worldliness is pushed aside, and the spiritual part of you has a chance to breathe.

The younger members of the family develop a strong, unshakable love of God, which will stand them in good stead as more of life's temptations cross their paths. They know to Whom they can turn for succor. In their childish chatter or teenage slang, they pour out their dreams and heartbreaks, their successes and their failures.

One of the most misunderstood of Catholic practices is the use of statues. There are still so very many who believe we are "image worshippers." Those outside the Church are confident we pray to the statues, which is ridiculous, as we know. Our religion is monotheistic. Yes, we honor saints and angels, but God alone has our adoration. Human hearts are sometimes very lonely. They crave spiritual company. If they can not have the company of the saints in actuality, they find joy in representations of them.

The Jews are said to have accepted the literal meaning of the First Commandment. Early they were enveloped by idolatry, and it is probable extreme measures were necessary to enforce the Commandment. However, the Brazen Serpent was a familiar symbol to them. Figures of lions and bulls were used in the Temple.

In the days of the Machabees, open rioting broke out in protestations of the use of figures. Graven images were banned, but drawings and paintings were allowed. As the next generation appreciated the symbolism through artistic mediums, the hatred died.

The dank, dark catacombs were filled with sketches of Christ, His Saints and Biblical scenes. When the persecutions of Christians became less severe in the fourth century, figures were carved, rather than drawn or painted. These were done in a spirit of admiration and respect.

Christ was represented in glory, not in humiliation. Perhaps that is why there were thousands of crosses but no crucifix. The first crucifixes showed Christ before His death. The poses depicted the last words on the Cross.

As the art progressed and blossomed into maturity, devotion and doctrine flowered. To know is to love, and to love is to express affection. The more the Christians learned of Christ, His Mother and His followers, the more statues and paintings they desired. Churches, homes and schools used them in great numbers. Artists wanted to spread their

faith or advertise the virtues of their favorite saint or teach a lesson. The statues and paintings taught when books were at a premium and few could read them. Especially the illiterate and the children benefited from these sermons that they could see.

Idolatry was not the original intention, even in paganism. Sin and error combined to darken man's mind, and abuse resulted. The oldest form of idolatry is sun worship. When Christianity developed, churches were built for God, but statues and pictures of men and women who had become intimate friends of God were placed in the churches. These representations were to remind Christians that saints were only human but they had served their Master well and faithfully, and through the grace of God, all Christians could do the same. There began the use of statues.

The use to which images are put varies with the customs of the different lands. The people of the Orient are ruled largely by imagination. Some of their customs are so poetic and flowery that they puzzle the more aloof Western people. This Oriental emotionalism led to abuses as concerned images. Icons led troops into battle and were carried on trips and used in sports. In attempting

to correct these errors, some of the bishops went to such an extreme that they forbade pictures of Our Lord. Some of these pictures previously had been grossly misleading, and no doubt they were the cause of the ban.

The Second Council of Nicea in 1543 voiced condemnation of the abusive practices, and set forth the doctrine and the principles which we practice today. The Council declared that images were to be paid due reverence "because the honor to them is referred to the prototypes which they represent."

The next time you kneel before your shrine, look carefully at your favorite statue and remember the era of conflict and repression associated with it. It's so very true that anything we get that is worthwhile has to be achieved by effort. The early Christians made the effort. Now we can enjoy the fruits in our home shrines. If we take them for granted, the benefit will be minor. If we look upon them as a haven from the speed and noise mad world that seeks to silence the soul, God's grace will flow outward to us. Each moment spent before the shrine will enrich the soul and strengthen the morals of any one who pauses at its fountain of love.



HOLY YEAR PILGRIMAGES

Anyone seriously thinking about making a pilgrimage to Rome and other shrines in Europe, such as Fatima and Lourdes, should make reservations now. Pilgrims will go to Rome for the Holy Year of 1950 from all over the world, and in order to insure places to stay for American pilgrims the Inter-national Catholic Travel Service has already made arrangements in Rome, Fatima, Lourdes, etc. for those who travel under their auspices. Schedules and details will be forwarded on request. Write for information to THE GRAIL Office, Holy Year Pilgrimages, St. Meinrad, Indiana.

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June

BROTHER MEINRAD HELPS

A few months ago my husband developed a sore spot on his face close to the temple of his head. It appeared to spread and get larger. I became uneasy, not knowing what this might mean. I began a novena to Brother Meinrad, using the prayer on the back of the holy card. It was the first time I had ever appealed to him and I promised the enclosed offering if this spot or blemish be removed without medical advice. About four or five days after I began this prayer, the spot became paler, smaller, and disappeared entirely.

Mrs. M.B. (Ind.)

A sore healed in three days after asking Brother Meinrad.

J.T.W. (N.D.)

Last Friday night I lost one of my rosaries—worth much more than its intrinsic value. I promised Brother Meinrad a Mass for the most neglected priest in Purgatory. Just now I picked up the rosary on the walk at the curbing, where I walked over it many times. I just could not believe my eyes when I saw it at my feet.

H.L.W. (Colo.)

I wish publicly to acknowledge thanks to Brother Meinrad for a favor received. My husband was out of work for quite a while and I prayed to Brother Meinrad. Within a few days his former boss called him to work. Mrs. R.Mc.C. (Ohio)

Enclosed find a small offering in honor of Brother Meinrad through whose intercession I received a favor within four days. A.K. (Ohio)

I made a novena to Brother Meinrad that a Coal Company would buy our property. Monday we got a letter from them asking for our abstract so they could begin payment.

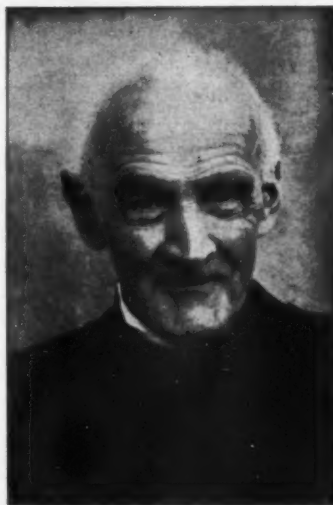
R.B. (Indiana)

Our little boy recovered just fine from polio after I had made a novena to Brother Meinrad, the Sacred Heart and dear Mother Mary.

F.H. (Ind.)

A friend of mine took very sick with a pain across his chest. He could get no rest. He is 68 years old. I told him to touch the relic of Brother Meinrad to his chest, and in half an hour the pain left.

A.M. (Ohio)



The Servant of God, Brother Meinrad Eugster, O.S.B., was a member of Maria Einsiedeln Abbey in Switzerland. There he died in 1925 highly respected by his confreres for his virtuous life. His cause for beatification has been introduced at Rome, and THE GRAIL is the chosen organ for bringing his cause to the knowledge of American Catholics. A picture of Brother Meinrad and a prayer for his canonization may be procured by sending a stamped and self-addressed envelope to the Rev. Jerome Palmer, O.S.B., St. Meinrad, Indiana.

MONTHLY NOVENA

15th to 23rd

All who wish their petitions or intentions prayed for, please send them in to THE GRAIL, St. Meinrad, Indiana before the 15th of the month. A Novena of Masses will be offered each month for the glorification and canonization of Brother Meinrad and for all the intentions sent in.

In order to make Brother Meinrad better known a booklet of stamps to be used on envelopes and packages can be obtained for ten cents from THE GRAIL, ST. MEINRAD, INDIANA.

Brother Meinrad did it again. Accept the offering in thanksgiving.

C.A. (Wis.)

I wish to express heartfelt thanks to Brother Meinrad for many favors received through his intercession, especially the cure of a sick person, and the return of a daughter to her home.

M.G.N. (Ind.)

Enclosed is an offering in thanksgiving for three favors received through Brother Meinrad.

J.R. (Ind.)

A house I was modernizing froze up over the last cold spell. One radiator split and I was praying the others would hold out when I thought of Brother Meinrad. I touched the others with his picture and they all thawed out all right. I am very thankful. M.D. (N.Y.)

My daughter had an odd rash on her arms and I had taken her to the doctor. Although I applied the medicine prescribed the rash did not heal. Then I decided to put the picture of Brother Meinrad that had touched his bones on my daughter's arms. This I did and soon after the rash began to disappear and is now almost gone.

J.McG. (N.J.)

I promised Brother Meinrad publication if he would help me get rid of a terrible fear that was interfering with my sleep. My prayer was answered immediately and I am eternally grateful to Brother Meinrad.

J.C. (Ill.)

Several weeks ago our four year old daughter had a dangerous sounding cough at bed time. We have had trouble with her every winter and so feared we would need a doctor before morning as she was breathing so hard and we were afraid she would choke. I implored Brother Meinrad to help our little one and I would mail a donation and write you in behalf of his canonization. To my amazement in a very short time she breathed easily and slept good all night and rapidly improved and is now perfectly well. Our little daughter had cut Brother Meinrad's picture out of THE GRAIL. I placed this under her pillow and she will not part with it.

Mrs. H.S., (Ind.)

Pilgrimage to Our Lady of the Cape

Cap de la Madeleine near Three Rivers, Canada

August 6 to 20



Preparations are being completed for the 26th Annual Pilgrimages to the sacred shrines of North America.

Rev. Paschal Boland, O. S. B., of The Grail will act as Spiritual Director of the ROSARY Pilgrimage. This pilgrimage will leave from Chicago for the pilgrims of the west and midwest at 9:30 a. m. Saturday, August 6th. The highlights of this pilgrimage are visits to the shrines of Kateri on Aug. 8, Oratory of St. Joseph founded by saintly Brother Andre on Aug. 9, Ste. Anne de Beaupre Aug. 11-12, Three Rivers Aug. 14, Our Lady of the Cape for the Feast of the Assumption, North American Martyrs' Aug. 17-18, and back to Chicago on August 20th.

The intentions of the pilgrimage include the honoring of Christ the King for peace for the world; the honoring of the Immaculate Heart of Mary for the conversion of sinners; honoring St. Joseph for the grace of a happy death; honoring Good Ste. Anne; and for the intentions of those making the pilgrimage.

The total cost for the pilgrimage from Chicago to Chicago will be less than \$235.00. Detailed information will be sent on request. Write to

The Grail Office August Pilgrimage St. Meinrad, Ind.

